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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE King's Speech contained no surprises. We are to have re-armament, but ever so little—just enough in fact to bring us up to the bare minimum necessary for the support of the League of Nations and to make good the alleged deficiencies in our own Defence Forces. At home the Government will settle the trouble in the coal mines by co-ordinating selling arrangements and by the unification of royalties; they will find a little more money for the relief of unemployment, introduce their belated Bill for the insurance of agricultural workers, and the still more belated revision of the Means Test. Besides all this, a few other social reforms are promised—of which the most important are an improvement of the maternity services and the raising of the school leaving age. About the former we are hopeful; the latter, from the outline of the proposals we have had, bids fair to be a tragic farce. It is not an inspiring programme. It is, in fact, the "go slow" programme that we expected from Mr. Baldwin, with the chance of speeding up in one direction—armaments, that is to say—where we ought to go slow, or stand still, or even go backwards.

The Government's Policy

The *Times* of Wednesday, in commenting on the Address and the debate, observed grandiloquently: "To-day this country stands like a rock in troubled waters; and every Member of Parliament knows that her prospects are as bright as courage and competence in her rulers can make them." Are they? They would, as it seems to us, be a good deal brighter if our rulers had more courage and less self-satisfaction. Their remedies for unemployment, for the miserable wages of the miners, for the vile housing and under-feeding of millions of the people, are pills to cure earthquakes. Perhaps they are the only remedies that can be adopted by a Government which is determined not to annoy any vested interest or undermine the confidence of any capitalist. The Government's foreign policy, though it has improved out of all recognition since Sir John Simon's day, is still watched with suspicion and anxiety. Their support of the League, as Mr. Attlee said on Tuesday, has an ominous note of "dualism." They are prepared to take measures against the aggressor, but they do not seem averse to treating him with some tenderness. The Prime Minister declares that we must neglect no chance of making peace. Quite true. But no settlement that is based on an imperialist

deal with Mussolini will be tolerable, and we hope that before this debate is ended the Government will make a more explicit statement about the terms it is willing to recommend the League to accept. If we have got to go slow, we can at least go straight.

The Oil Embargo

Italy is beginning to feel the pinch of sanctions, and every sort of counter-measure is being taken, ranging from material economies to psychological stimulants, such as the banning of British plays (except those of Shakespeare and Shaw). All this has no doubt stiffened "patriotic" feeling. But there are severer tests ahead; the Italian armies are making no progress to speak of in Abyssinia, and the whole enterprise is threatened by the oil embargo. Mussolini's bluff that he would treat an oil embargo as a *casus belli* has been called by M. Laval's plain statement that if Great Britain were attacked she would be supported by France. Italian hopes now centre round the weakness or disunity of the League Powers. The Canadian Government repudiates the Canadian delegate at Geneva who originally proposed the embargo; the Rumanian oil exporters are hostile to the project, and so, for other reasons, of course, is the French Government. But none of these things will prevent the embargo from being imposed if the British Government remains firm. So far the only sign of weakening on the British Government's part has been its consent to the long delay in taking a decision. That may have been expedient, in all the circumstances. But there ought to be no more shilly-shallying when the Committee of Eighteen meets next week. Sir Samuel Hoare will make it clear, we hope, at his forthcoming meeting with M. Laval, that there is only one justifiable alternative to this oil embargo—peace terms which will be fair to Abyssinia and honourable to the League. Is Mussolini prepared for that?

Chinese Fears and Hopes

The news from the Far East, as we write, looks a trifle less bad from the Chinese point of view—for the moment. Representatives of the Nanking Government have gone to Peking to confer with the local Chinese leaders, and may even, we are told, have the pleasure of meeting the Japanese commander, General Doihara—though what they can expect to get out of him we do not know. The Chinese apparently hope to save the Northern Provinces by some sort of compromise on the "autonomy" issue. This, it is suggested, might take the form of an administrative council for North China, which would enjoy a substantial independence, but would be subordinate to the central Government. But how far would it be independent of Japan? The Japanese armies are in North China in order to establish Japanese control over North China—and presently, no doubt, over the rest of China. The Chinese Ambassadors in London and in Paris have just been explaining their plight to the British and French Governments. Japan, they declare, is violating, or is about to violate, the Nine Power Treaty, of which she, with seven others of us, was a signatory. True, but what of it? The unfortunate Chinese may make their protests and appeals, but they can be under no illusion that the Western Powers are going to do anything to protect them. The Western Powers are not even alive to their own interests in the Far East.

The Greek King's Victory

King George of Greece has begun his second reign with a remarkable exhibition of courage and sagacity. At the price of making enemies of General Kondylis and his faction, he has won the support of a far larger number of their opponents. The Republicans and Liberals, from M. Venizelos downward, are of course jubilant over the amnesty, and prepared, it seems, to give the monarchy a fair trial. But the King's initial victory does not mean that he has surmounted all his difficulties: he will have to walk delicately in a country where politics are a synonym for instability. M. Venizelos himself apparently intends to return to Greece, but declares that he will take no further part in public life. He will deserve well of his country if he succeeds in sticking to that resolve. The new Government, headed by M. Demerdjis, is of a "non-party" character. Its immediate task is the re-establishment of constitutional democracy, and this will involve a general election in the near future. There is a good prospect now of the elections being really "free"—as they certainly would not have been had they been held under the auspices of General Kondylis.

Depressed Areas and Grants in Aid

The Government has promised, in the King's Speech, to do something for the Special Areas; but the only specific part of the promise is to endeavour to allot some of the industrial expansion demanded by re-armament to these areas. Apart from this and the declared intention to create on the North-East Coast a sort of replica of the Slough Trading Estate, we are still left wholly in the dark. The Special Commissioners have presumably been told that their plans will not be allowed to fail for lack of funds; but the immediate question in their case is not so much lack of funds as of adequate independence and power to use them without being smothered by departmental obstruction and red tape. The Government has also remained silent so far about its intentions in the matter of local taxation. The local authorities in the depressed areas maintain that the De-rating Act, so far from helping them, has often aggravated their difficulties, and that the Government is at present according them quite inadequate help. The formula on which national grants in aid have been based since de-rating is now due for reconsideration, and there will be strong pressure from the authorities in the depressed areas for its drastic revision—though the precise formula to be regarded as satisfactory depends in part on what has still to be done about the Means Test and the extension of insurance to agricultural workers. The Government wants to be allowed to handle all these questions piecemeal as they arise. It is the Opposition's job to extract, if possible, a comprehensive declaration of policy about the depressed areas from Mr. Baldwin.

Unification or Nationalisation

When the Government published its election address we said that we could not discover what it meant by "unification" of mining royalties. We are still puzzled. The promise to "unify royalties under public control" reappears in the King's Speech, but there is still no indication of what is in the Government's mind. "Unification" presumably differs from "nationalisation"; but unless royalties are to be transferred to public owner-

ship how is the problem to be solved? Is there to be a central pool into which all royalties are to be paid, the individual owner being compensated out of this pool in accordance with some formula prescribed by legislation? If so, presumably the power to dictate the terms of colliery leases will be taken away from the royalty-owners, and transferred to a public body; and this will do something to make colliery amalgamation easier—for often the royalty-owners are the chief obstacles to amalgamation as matters stand. Presumably, too, the provision in some colliery leases which enforce a high minimum payment even if no coal at all is being mined will be swept away. But it will be no easier under "unification" than under "nationalisation"—indeed, it is likely to be harder—to find a basis for assessing the shares of individual royalty-owners in the pool. Is the owner whose leases contain the minimum payment clause to benefit by it in comparison with other owners? And again, are the owners who have made concessions during the slump to be penalised in comparison with those who have refused to make them? We await with considerable interest the production of the Government's Bill. We want to know what precisely "unification" means.

The Government's Plans for Technical Education

Mr. Oliver Stanley, as President of the Board of Education, announced on Tuesday a new £12,000,000 programme for the development of technical education, on the basis of 50 per cent. grants from the State to the Local Education Authorities. No details were given; but the matter is evidently to be taken up at once, in accordance with the terms of the special educational memorandum issued by the Government during the election campaign. Mr. Stanley said nothing in his speech of parallel plans for the development of non-vocational adult education, though this was also promised in the election memorandum. Does this mean that only technical education, in a narrow sense, is to be dealt with at present, or that the tendency of technical schools and colleges to extend their curricula so as to include more non-vocational classes and subjects is to receive a fresh impetus? Are we, in effect, to move faster towards the "Polytechnic" type of institution, in the provincial centres as well as in London? There is something to be said for this—on two conditions. One is that the voluntary bodies now working in the field of adult education—such as the W.E.A. and the universities in partnership with it—shall not suffer, but shall be given every opportunity to expand. The other, no less important, is that the standards of cultural teaching in the predominantly technical and commercial institutions shall be raised to a substantially higher level. If these conditions are secured, there is much to be said for bringing technical and non-vocational part-time education closer together. If not, the development of technical education on a narrow basis may easily turn out a dangerously retrograde measure.

Still Cheaper Money

The Government's latest borrowing operations have naturally reacted at once on the value of gilt-edged securities, and forced down still further the rates of interest on stocks of this type. The direct effect of this loan, which is destined for paying off maturing obligations and for reducing the floating debt, will be to increase the interest-burden upon the taxpayers; money can be borrowed far more cheaply on Treasury Bills running for a few months than by means of longer-dated securities. But the Government has presumably in view the prospects of a loan to finance re-armament, and also the possible effect of yet lower interest rates in keeping the building boom from collapse for a further period. It is not quite true that the Government can now borrow, on short-term bonds, at one per cent.; the rate works out more nearly at 1½ if the price of issue and the prospect of redemption are taken into account. But short-term bonds at less than 1½ per cent. and long-term bonds at under 2¾ are sufficiently remarkable tributes to two things—capitalist confidence in the Government and capitalist lack of confidence in the prospects of economic expansion on any considerable scale. Of course, this further fall in gilt-edged rates will not benefit the general body of commercial borrowers; it will not be reflected in a fall in bank interest. But it will cheapen re-armament and do something to keep private enterprise at work building houses for the middle and upper working classes. It thus serves two valuable purposes from the Government's point of view. The second of them is probably in the mind of the Treasury fully as much as the first.

Non-Party Legislation

On one point Mr. A. P. Herbert has always seemed to us (and to Critic and Mr. Gerald Gould, too, for that matter) a hundred per cent. right. There are questions of great importance which the official political parties dare not tackle, because they fear to lose the votes of particular sections of religious opinion. That was the issue behind Mr. Herbert's unusual maiden speech. We all know that the British marriage laws are a disgrace and it seems that the initiative for changing them must come from private Members. We hope that Mr. Herbert may be able to make good his bold oath to get his Bill carried by this Parliament. We could mention a list of other less controversial reforms which Governments seem never to have time for. Take the question of National Parks, to which we believe there could be no substantial opposition. The suggestion that certain areas in England, Wales and Scotland should be saved from the builder as National playgrounds was, we believe, first advanced by Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe in THE NEW STATESMAN, in August 1927. A Departmental Commission was set up by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald; its report in 1931 suggested the appointment of executive authorities to select national reserve areas and stimulate local authorities and landlords to co-operate. Since then much has been done to make the plan more practicable. The development of the Youth Hostels Association, the Town and Country Planning Act, the proposals of the Forestry Commissioners to provide what would amount to National Parks in Scotland—all these being moves in the right direction. Last week-end a hopeful Conference was held on the subject in London. There seems now some real chance that with enough pressure from public opinion and, we hope, co-operation from Mr. Baldwin (who, we are sure, is sympathetic) we may get the first British National Park, probably in Snowdonia.

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COAL AND THE FUTURE

Is the British mining industry necessarily a wasting asset? Certainly there is no prospect, even in a general industrial recovery, of the demand for raw coal in the old forms regaining a level which will bring unemployment in the industry to an end, and set all the mines again working to their full capacity. There are several reasons for this—the lessened demand for British coal in export markets which have developed their own sources of supply, the increasing use of alternative sources and forms of power and, last but by no means least, the greatly increased technical efficiency with which coal is used. It takes far less coal now to make a ton of steel than it did even a few years ago, and in a few more years it will take on the average still less. What is true of the steel-makers is true, only in less degree, of a host of other users of coal. In the nineteenth century our abundant coal resources were employed in an extraordinarily wasteful fashion. To-day the world has grown more economical of coal, and unemployment in the coalfields is one of the results.

This progress of technical economy will continue, and it is in itself a good thing. But for us, as a nation, it necessarily raises serious problems. The life of the miner is, to be sure, a hard life; and to the extent to which we can successfully transfer miners to more advantageous and less exacting occupations, the result is sheer gain. But it is better to work in a mine than not to work at all; and we cannot face with equanimity an endless vista of derelict areas, populated by unemployed miners, or the writing off of the great capital wealth that has been invested in the industry.

If, however, the demand for coal is to be extended, it must assume new forms. No conceivable advance in the efficiency of mining methods or organisation, no conceivable fall in the cost of production or distribution, will bring back demand to a satisfactory level—to say nothing of the problem of securing a satisfactory living wage for the miners. The market for coal is less and less every year a market for crude coal, and more and more a market for the derivatives of crude coal. What were "by-products" are coming to an ever increasing extent to occupy a primary place. But for most of the derivatives also there is a limited market; and in effect only one of them holds out the prospect of setting the industry as a whole once more on its feet. That one is, obviously, motor-fuel, for which there is every year an expanding market, now supplied by petrol which, even if it be refined in this country, is imported from abroad in its unrefined state.

For years past experiments have been proceeding in the production of motor-fuel from British coal. A variety of processes have been tried; and it is almost certain that a variety of methods will continue to be used, for the different processes yield different by-products, and thus help to avoid an over-production of this or that particular derivative. Some of these processes—at Billingham, for example—have already passed beyond the experimental stage into that of successful commercial production. But the production of oil from coal is more costly than the purchase of equivalent petrol from abroad, and will remain so until either the methods of conversion are greatly improved or the price of petroleum rises sharply in the world market.

At present this gap in costs is being bridged by preferential taxation. Oil can be produced commercially from coal only because the State taxes imported petrol at a stiff rate, and the home-produced fuel is exempted from a corresponding excise. The consumer thus pays, in the price of petrol, for the extra cost of fostering the domestic industry; and at present the excess payment is made for a very small return in domestic output, and is justified, if at all, only on the strength of expectations of what the new processes will produce in time. Nevertheless, the preferential treatment of home-made oil has been accepted by most people with very little demur, mainly because it is felt to be a matter of so much importance to give the coal industry every chance of an expanding market that every possible opportunity must be allowed for experiment on a commercial scale.

That, given the preference, oil can be produced from coal on profitable terms is already fully demonstrated. That the new industry will be able to stand on its own legs without preferential treatment is not. The question then is, how much is it worth our while to pay for the development of new uses for coal on a scale sufficient to reduce materially the volume of unemployment in the mining areas?

In our view it is worth a good deal, though we regret the necessity of such forms of plainly discriminative taxation. But if a real effort is to be made to produce at home a substantial proportion of the entire supply of motor-fuel, there is an overwhelmingly strong case for developing the new industry in the closest possible connection with coal-mining, and for ensuring that the benefits of it accrue primarily to the miners, and are not appropriated by outside interests to the detriment of the mining industry in a narrow sense. One of the most fruitful causes of discontent among the miners in recent years has been the exclusion of profits made by firms producing by-products from the ascertainments of capacity to pay on which the miners' wages are based. This discontent will be aggravated if the production of oil from coal is organised in such a way that the main benefit accrues not to the industry as a whole, but to a separate body of capitalists or, when it passes to the colliery-owners, is treated as arising in a distinct industry, with which the miners have in a direct sense no concern.

In short, if the production of oil from coal is to be seriously undertaken in this country, the case for nationalisation, not only of the pits but also of works which further treat coal for the market, is very greatly strengthened. The case that has often been put against nationalising the mines is that the State will be acquiring not an asset, but an expensive liability. This will almost certainly be true if the State takes over the mines without at the same time bringing the exploitation of the new processes of coal conversion under public ownership and control. The State needs to take over the mines because the colliery owners have made so lamentable a mess of the task of organising the industry. But the State will not get a fair chance of reorganising the mines on business-like lines unless it has in its hands the treatment, as well as the mere extraction, of coal.

Now it is evident that any proposal to bring the coal and by-product industries under unified national management will encounter serious opposition from a wide variety of interests. The coal firms which are at present operating

profitable coking ovens and by-product plants, to which they are able to sell their own coal at cheap rates, will certainly not wish to be dispossessed. The oil refiners will be hostile to any project that threatens their business. The chemical and gas industries, which hope to appropriate the new processes, will energetically oppose any State programme that threatens their prospects of profit, and might even lead to a desire to extend the field of public ownership to include their establishments as well. Finally, there will be those who resist, on grounds of principle or prejudice, every extension of the State's field of direct economic activity.

The opposition, then, will be formidable; but the case for public operation of the extra range of processes covering the extraction and treatment of coal is very strong. Whenever an industry that is incapable of standing economically on its own feet is fostered by means of preferential treatment, there is a powerful case for the view that the profits should accrue not to bodies of private capitalists but to the public as a whole. Moreover, this contention is strongly reinforced in the present instance by the indisputable fact that depression in the mining industry imposes heavy charges on the public funds, and by the evident tendency for profits to be artificially shifted from the primary extraction processes to the subsequent stages of treatment and manufacture of derivative products.

In any plan that may be worked out for the reorganisation of the mining industry, the matter ought to be viewed broadly enough to include the auxiliary industries which depend on coal, as well as the extraction of coal in its crude form. It may be that the best methods of producing oil from coal have not been as yet sufficiently worked out for the building of numerous plants on a large scale to be desirable without some further period of waiting and commercial experiment. But if it is worth while for the Government to build and equip "trading estates" with the object of attracting new industries to the depressed areas, surely it is far more worth while to create under public auspices plants that will contribute directly to rescue an established basic industry from its present difficulties, and to create a fund out of which additional resources can be provided for ensuring to the miners a reasonably satisfactory standard of life? On any long view, the extraction and subsequent treatment of coal ought to be developed under a system of financial unification; but we do not see how they can be so developed except under the auspices of the State or of a public concern operating on the lines of the London Passenger Transport Board or the Central Electricity Board.

At present, the Government appears to be aiming at no more than the establishment in each coalfield of a selling agency under the mineowners' control. But that may even result in a more complete divorce between coal-mining and the industries concerned with the further treatment of coal. It may, for the moment, do something to enlarge the coal industry's capacity to pay wages, but only at the cost of depressing it in the long run, if the divorce enables the profits of coal-treatment to be completely separated from those of extraction of raw coal. What is needed is not a raw coal cartel, such as the Government seems set on establishing, but a unified control of the entire group of industries which have their common centre in coal-mining.

THE FRANC AND THE LEAGUES

"NORMALLY," I said in these columns a month ago, "the Government ought to be overthrown; but with Laval one can never be sure of anything." As I write, the "crucial" debate on the Fascist League has begun in the Chamber; and, although until a few days ago it seemed highly probable that the Government would not survive this debate, the prevalent opinion at the moment is that it will obtain at least a small majority.

Why this optimism on the part of the Government's supporters? There are at least four reasons. The shooting affray at Limoges brought to a head the problem of the Fascist Leagues, but with the result (which hardly surprised those who have closely watched Laval's zigzags) that he made a number of important concessions to the Radicals during the two Cabinet meetings at which the problem was discussed. He agreed that the proposals embodied in the report on the Leagues by M. Chauvin should be placed on the agenda of the Chamber (the Chauvin report not only proposes the prohibition of the "Leagues," but also defines them as organisations guilty of pursuing military and semi-military exercises without the authority of the War Office; capable of motorised "mobilisation"; subject to a "high command," and wearing uniforms and/or badges, etc.). He further agreed that the particularly "stiff" interpellation by M. Rucart, the Radical Rapporteur of the Committee of Inquiry into the Riots of February 6th, and a specialist on the misdeeds of the Leagues, should be heard in the debate on the subject. In short, he showed that he was not only willing to subscribe to important measures against the Fascist Leagues, but that he was not afraid of thrashing out the subject in public, and for answering any charges of pro-Fascist complacency that may be brought against him personally, and against the Government as a whole. For even if M. Herriot is above suspicion, M. Paganon, the Radical Minister of the Interior, is not; and already in this morning's debate M. Ramette, the Communist Deputy, alleged that M. Paganon had requested Colonel de la Rocque as a personal favour to see to it that law and order be preserved at Algiers—an incident which suggested that there was co-operation rather than hostility in the relations between the Government and the Croix de Feu. M. Paganon made no reply.

Secondly, an impression favourable to the Government was created, shortly before the opening of the debate on the Leagues, by the arrest at Strasbourg of Marcel Bucart, the leader of the Francistes. Bucart arranged two meetings in a brasserie at Strasbourg, regardless of the Prefect's veto. After the first meeting he was arrested, but released a few hours later. After the second meeting he was arrested and sent to prison as an old offender. The Francistes are composed of a few thousand thugs who, except for the colour of their shirts, which are blue, are the closest French imitation of the S.A. Rabid anti-semitism is the *leitmotiv* of all their propaganda. Their leader, Marcel Bucart, is proud of his slight resemblance to Göring, and, as for his morals, M. Ramette, the Communist deputy, said this morning that they resembled those of the lamented Captain Röhm.

Bucart is, of course, small fry; and his arrest on the eve of the debate on the Leagues was a little too obvious as a Government manoeuvre. Nevertheless, it caused a great deal of cheerful amusement in the Chamber, which is all to the good from the Government's point of view. No doubt (says the Government) the Socialists and Communists will brand it as a piece of hypocrisy and declare that the arrest of La Rocque would have been much more to the point; but then, the Socialists and Communists will vote against the Government anyway, and as for the Radicals, many of them will be thankful for this small mercy. If the arrest of Bucart brings the Government half-a-dozen Radical votes, it will have served its purpose.

There are two other considerations that are likely to help the Government. The conflict between Italy and the League has reached a crucial point, and Laval is engaged in the most

important and "most delicate" negotiations. The Italians are frankly afraid of the oil embargo. After saying that they would regard it as a "hostile act" (hence visions of a "gesture of despair" on their part, leading to war in the Mediterranean and the final breakup of the Stresa front) they declared that they would regard it as an "unfriendly act"—a correction which had its value, but which has not been altogether reassuring. Further, they have started withdrawing their troops from the Brenner—a very serious matter when one considers that (1) Hitler may be encouraged to take advantage of this in Austria, and (2) that the Franco-Italian military convention may become null and void, and the French may be obliged to transfer 100,000 or 200,000 of their soldiers from the German frontier to the "empty" Italian frontier. In spite of these threats, Laval, who has lately tended to lose confidence in the friendliness of Mussolini, told the Italian Ambassador that there could be no two ways for France. If Great Britain and the United States decided to support the oil embargo, France would inevitably follow suit. His resistance was shorter than it was in the case of the other sanctions. He also confirmed to the Italian Ambassador the contents of the French Note to Britain of October 26th—that France would support Britain in the event of an Italian attack on the British navy. For all that, he strongly dislikes, for reasons already stated, the idea of an oil embargo, and by asking the Committee of Eighteen to postpone its meeting until December 12th (an "early" date to which he reluctantly agreed in the end) he hopes to secure a breathing space in the course of which "serious" peace negotiations could be started with Italy. So he has been urging Mussolini to come forward immediately with some proposals. It will be for the Committee of Eighteen to decide whether the negotiations (if any) that will have started before its meeting provide a sufficient reason for postponing the oil embargo; and although one may unkindly suggest that this postponement is Laval's primary object in "starting negotiations," there is just a possibility that his tactics may help to bring the war to an early close. For that reason there is a tendency, even among the French Left, to give him the benefit of the doubt.

Lastly, the financial situation is playing into Laval's hand. The Radicals are afraid of a financial panic that may follow the fall of the Government, for, unfortunate as it may sound, Laval, with his policy of deflation, enjoys the support of the Bank of France; and, while criticising the policy of the Government, even the Socialists admit that "no one is particularly anxious to clean up the financial mess that Laval left behind." The Chamber supported the policy of the Government last Friday by the surprisingly large majority of 77 votes, and that in spite of the very sharp criticisms to which it was subjected. The accusation that the use the Government had made of its plenary financial powers was unconstitutional, that it used them for publishing, for instance, a decree "for the protection of natural oyster beds," was the least thing. M. Vincent Auriol (Socialist) claimed that the deflation decrees had aggravated the economic crisis—a much more serious matter. In spite of the salary cuts the cost of living index had risen from 420 in August to 438 in October. Wheat had risen from the catastrophic price of 57 frs. a quintal in August to 80 frs. in September, and had fallen again to 68 in November; but the price of bread remained the same as in September—the profits were pocketed by the grain trade. If the deflation had been accompanied by a fall in the cost of living it might have been successful, but that was not the case. The economic crisis was worse than it had ever been. Railway receipts had dropped from 14,359 millions in 1931 to 9,961 millions in 1935. The yield of the turnover tax (the best barometer of economic activity) had fallen from 1,705 million in the third quarter of 1933 (already a crisis year) to 1,469 million in the third quarter of 1935. With its six milliards of avowed "extra-budgetary" expenditure—over and above the 40 milliards of the budget proper—the Budget of 1936 would be about as bad as the Budget of 1935. The Treasury [illegible] in inextricable difficulties. It had borrowed 19 milliards in 1934, 20 milliards in 1935, and would have to borrow another sum of 12 to 15 milliards next year. The public debt had been increased by 70 or 80 milliards in the last four years, and now stood at 340 milliards, and the rate of interest was higher than in almost any other country. The Treasury had exceeded its legal limit (15 milliards) of Treasury bonds by borrowing more money in various roundabout ways. How could the Government go on with it? M. Déat also emphasised that 25 milliard francs of deflationist measures had been passed in the last four years—so what was the good?

M. Régnier, the Minister of Finance, argued that the situation was less bad than it looked; that devaluation would not be a solution; that the revenue returns were actually better than they seemed; the discrepancy between the revenue in October, 1935, and October, 1934, was of only 2.3 per cent. as compared with 7.8 per cent. during the first three months of the two years. The general improvement since the Laval Government had come into power would have been much more noticeable, he said, but for the Italian-Abyssinian war, which had created great nervousness and uncertainty. The Rentes, which had had a startling recovery in July and August (after the economy decrees) slumped in September when the war became imminent. But although the Government had been unlucky in this, it still believed that its policy alone could avert a financial collapse. The majority of the Chamber agreed with this; for the gold franc is still a fetish with the French. Hardly anyone supported Paul Reynaud, who alone proposed the clear alternative—devaluation. Even the Socialists and Communists were against devaluation, and the solution the Communist speaker favoured was that "the rich must pay"—which was not immediately helpful. So long as the majority at the Chamber is unwilling to support a policy of devaluation, the deflationists are in a strong position; for the state of the Treasury is such that half-measures (such as Flandin's "cheaper money") have little chance of providing anything like a complete solution.

So Laval intends to muddle along, hoping for the best, and trusting in the support of the Bank of France. After his victory in the Chamber on Friday the drain of gold from the Bank of France suddenly stopped—an argument that will no doubt be flourished in the Chamber before the final vote.

The debate on the Leagues began, therefore, in an atmosphere distinctly favourable to the Government. But already towards the end of the morning's sitting things began to look slightly less rosy. M. Guernut (Radical) produced some very damaging evidence, pointing to the Government's complacency towards the Fascist Leagues. He concluded by saying: "Either the Government will change its methods, or we shall change the Government." Two-thirds of the Chamber rose to their feet and cheered.

And it is now reported that, before the debate is over, M. Rucart, to whom I have already referred, will propose a motion of censure on the Government. So, in spite of its good beginning (from the Government point of view), the debate on the Leagues may still be full of unpleasant surprises.

Yet, even at the risk of being a false prophet, I still believe that, for the reasons already stated, the Government will pull through. The Chamber doubts whether M. Laval will do much against the Leagues (for not only has he much sympathy for the Croix de Feu, but he also has to consider the feelings of his parliamentary supporters on the Right). And yet the Chamber has strong reasons for not throwing him out. If it does, there will be a lot more to say.

Paris, December 3rd. ALEXANDER WERTH

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THE EXPANSION OF GERMANY

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

THE policy of every Government in Germany, whether monarchic, democratic or Fascist, is always to a very large extent dictated by the requirements of certain great industries. It is merely the manner and speed of their realisation that varies with the form of government. To-day the most active and powerful group influencing policy is the so-called "North-West Group," and a special organisation, the "Langnamenverein," or "Association for the Promotion of the Mutual Interests of the Rhineland and Westphalia," which has its headquarters in Düsseldorf. It represents armaments and heavy industry. The "Langnamenverein" has established an unofficial embassy under the name of the "Bureau of the Central European Economic Association" in the Lützowufer district of Berlin. Its official head is Baron von Wilmovsky, a son-in-law of the German armament king, Krupp of Essen, and its business manager is Dr. Max Hahn, the former political chief of the "Langnamenverein." This Bureau, together with its various branch organisations and activities, is notoriously financed from Düsseldorf.

While the Central European Economic Association works unobtrusively but methodically to establish relations of "a purely economic nature" with foreign countries, an associated publishing and publicity concern, the subsidised *Volk und Reich*, volubly and repeatedly demands the formation of a Central European bloc, which is to comprise Holland, Germany, Luxemburg, with the Flemish part of Belgium and Switzerland as the western frontier, and to reach on the east the Riga-Odessa line (familiar in the days of the war), and in the south-east to include the whole sweep of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire down in the Balkans. This paper, *Volk und Reich*, whose special correspondent on economic and political questions is Dr. Max Hahn, the mouthpiece of the Düsseldorf heavy industry, has been carrying on its Central European propaganda for the last ten years.

In 1931 *Volk und Reich* printed a map accompanied by an article giving particulars of the proposed Central European bloc, and estimating the population at 220 millions. In another column it pointed out that in this way a first-class economic and political force would be created which would be without rival in Europe, and which would be in a position to challenge the Great Powers of Russia, the U.S.A., and the British Empire. This Central European Bloc, having a sufficient supply of raw material, would be practically immune from aggression, and being a purely European Power would be independent of supplies from overseas. It would, therefore, be able to avoid the mistakes of the pre-war German colonial policy, which directed German expansion towards territories that in a war could not be defended and were consequently lost to Germany.

It may be objected that all this is fantastic, and that Germany would never seriously attempt the impossible—which at first glance these schemes appear to be. But it is a fact that the Central European Association, and the *Volk und Reich*, are being liberally supplied with funds by an industry which does not waste its money on chimerical projects. The extent of the stakes corresponds to the hope they have of a return. The schemes become rather more credible when we observe certain other activities of these interests and consider them in relation to the foreign policy of the Reich. Here is a striking illustration of the political maxim "The merchant clears the road for the politician."

The first great campaign prepared by the Central European Association was a plan for a tariff union between Germany and Austria in 1931. This plan was prepared by the Vereinigte Stahlwerke in Düsseldorf, which a few years previously had secured control of the largest and most important mining concern of Austria, by obtaining 51 per cent. of the shares of the Alpine-Montangesellschaft. The German arms industry wished to ensure their supplies of ore from the Styrian mines (the chief source of supply), while the official German policy of expansion towards a Central European Bloc needed Austria as a door through which to exercise its influence on the South-East. The plan for a tariff union proved a failure, but it is now hoped that the same purpose may be achieved by the "conquest" of Austria. Through the Alpine-Montangesellschaft Dr. Hahn obtained at enormous expense a powerful measure of influence over the Styrian Heimatschutz, and, with the help of Neubacher, his agent in Vienna, who has often been mentioned as a Nazi leader in Austria, forced this military organisation to go over to the Nazi camp. In the meantime in Berlin Hitler had come into power, and with this trump card it seemed as if there would be no difficulty now in establishing a Nazi Government in Austria which would actively support the plans of the German Arms Industry for a Central European bloc. These plans, too, were doomed to failure. But Berlin and Düsseldorf have not given up hope of one day capturing control of Austria, either by a direct attack or by a process of political and economic isolation. The latter plan is being pursued at present. This is demonstrated by Germany's relations with Poland, Hungary, and Jugoslavia, by which Czechoslovakia and Austria are to be cut off from the East.

The German-Polish alliance was supposed to free the Reich from the isolation consequent upon Germany's leaving the League of Nations. It was also expected to result in a closer economic co-operation and to enable Germany to secure her supplies of raw materials, especially grain and timber. By intensifying anti-Russian and anti-Czechoslovakian feeling, Poland was to be brought more and more on to the side of Germany, and Poland's desire for expansion directed towards Slovakia. We cannot say yet to what extent these hopes will be realised. In any case, German-Polish co-operation means a step further on the road towards the realisation of the Central European Bloc.

The co-operation between Germany and Hungary is meanwhile being conducted along different lines, and has already shown considerable results. The great German concerns ("Textile, Fertiliser, I.G. Farben") have obtained control of enormous tracts of lands in Hungary, partly by lease, partly by concessions. Certain raw materials, mainly oil and fibre plants, are being cultivated here in such quantities that they can only find a market in Germany. In this way Germany has paved the way for a close economic co-operation, which will extend in the future, and is forcing Hungary into what amounts to political dependence on the Reich. In addition, the Reich has recently made efforts to gain control of the immense Bauxite wealth in Hungary, since Germany herself does not possess any raw materials for the manufacture of light metals (aluminium). While Germany, through her spokesman Dr. Schacht, the Governor of the Reichsbank, and by her own attitude regarding the question of the repayment of her debts, is perpetually stressing the scarcity of foreign currency in Germany, she is oddly enough able to find the necessary amount of foreign currency for these schemes. Germany to-day is the chief buyer of Hungarian products. In this way she hopes, slowly but surely, to obtain a foothold on the Danube behind Austria's back, and so to achieve another step towards her ultimate aim of a Central European bloc.

The German-Jugoslav friendship, begun so enthusiastically two years ago, was also entered upon as an economic alliance, and here the Central European Association has shown a special activity. It may be remembered that the president of the Central European Association, Baron von Wilmovsky, gave a banquet after the completion of the first negotiations in Berlin, at which he greeted German-Jugoslav co-operation as the first step in an association which was destined to establish the Central European bloc in opposition to the Italian Danube plans and to the policy of the Western European countries. The hoped for results of the Berlin-Belgrade alliance did not, however, materialise. France was successful in nipping her ally's digression in the bud.

Last summer Germany hoped, by some still unexplained and surprising means, to bring about a favourable trade agreement

with Rumania—an agreement which was to procure German capital, which had suddenly appeared from nowhere, an interest in the Rumanian oil industry. Germany needs petrol and oil in quantities which cannot be procured either in Germany or from the Polish wells in Galicia; hence the persistent endeavour to gain a foothold in Rumania, where an understanding between the Nazis and the Rumanian Right-wing organisations had already been established. In this connection it may be mentioned that certain leaders of the Rumanian Right (Iron Guard) can boast of having negotiated with Hitler personally. In spite of the admirable tactics used to bring about the German-Rumanian trade agreement, there was a last-minute counter attack by M. Titulescu, the Rumanian Foreign Minister, backed by France. Before the German trade delegation had reached Berlin on their way back from Bucharest, they read in the newspapers that the Rumanian Minister of Trade had resigned overnight, that the German-Rumanian trade pact would not be ratified, and that France, by buying up all the available oil resources, had checked a German encroachment. Thus the spectacular attempt at incorporating Rumania in the sphere of German power temporarily failed. It is interesting to note that none of these plans includes Czechoslovakia, and that there has been a visible slackening of German economic pressure in Czechoslovakia. This reinforces the common impression that German policy is working for the liquidation of Czechoslovakia. Yet Czechoslovakia, the political centre of the Little Entente, and its most active member, is a formidable opponent, especially in view of her alliances with France and Russia. The Nazis doubtless welcome the fact that Poland, for whatever insignificant reasons, has used the question of Teschen to provoke a Polish-Czechoslovak dispute.

One thing is clear—Germany and German industry have for years, and at great expense, persistently cherished this plan of a Central European bloc. The vast sums of money which have been invested in the scheme forces German policy to continue its course. Germany is out to establish a self-contained bloc extending from the French border and the North Sea down to the Black Sea and the Dvina; she is, in fact, out to conquer—this time by different means—the territory occupied by the troops of the Central Powers during the years 1917 and 1918.

Should Germany succeed, she will not only have made up for the defeat of the Great War, she will have secured a position so strong as to make her the predominant Power in Europe and in international politics. A territory of more than 200 million inhabitants is to come under German control, and to be reduced to economic dependence on the German heavy industry. It would be wise, therefore, to study this German plan in detail and to judge every utterance of German commercial policy and German foreign policy in the light of the Central European bloc. Whether the German plans succeed or fail depends entirely on whether Austria and Czechoslovakia are able to maintain their economic independence and existence. Austria, by reason of her key position in the Danube territory, which is the focus towards which the most important political activities from the south-east of Europe are directed, remains the key to the door through which German invasion of the south-east of Europe must pass.

A LONDON DIARY

SEVERAL points seem to me clear in all this controversy about the Labour Party. (1) If the Labour Party is not definitely Socialist, it means nothing. The National Government is not at all a bad Capitalist Government and quite capable of carrying out social reforms. (2) Even electorally an honestly Socialist policy pays. I hope before long to give a list of seats which were fought in the last election by candidates who went all out on a Socialist campaign. Many people will be surprised how well young Socialists did in "backward" areas and how poorly in many cases the less bold reformist candidates, who fought mainly on the means test and pensions, did in seats that Labour was expected to win. I believe that Labour's best chance—even from the purely electoral point of view—lies in making people understand that Socialism means a different and better form of society. (3) It is essential that Labour should state a short list of immediate Socialist objectives and explain exactly what they mean by them. You cannot fight well on the basis of an omnibus programme which includes everyone's aspirations, but which no one reads or expects to see carried out. You need a short "list of priorities"—Socialist financial policy is more important than the abolition of fox-hunting. (4) The division is not between degrees of Left and Right, but between Socialists who look as if they might inaugurate Socialism and people who call themselves Socialists, but who obviously would not inaugurate anything except muddle. (5) The "bloomers" made by enthusiasts to which Mr. Morrison has referred, would not have been more important on the one side than the much bigger bloomers made by Lord Londonderry on the other, if Labour leadership had not been divided on the eve of battle. You will never be able to prevent Conservatives exploiting the motive of fear in the middle-classes, and some Socialist somewhere will always have said something which can be represented as a threat of rape, pillage or revolution. A Front Bench which looks as if it could govern and could deal with a financial crisis if it came as a result of making a start with Socialism, is the only remedy.

* * *

As the idea that sport may be political propaganda is novel in this country, Sir John Simon was able to get away with it when he replied to the T.U.C. protest that the German football match and the arrival of ten thousand spectators had no political significance. Unfortunately, everything the German Government permits Germans to do is carefully designed as Nazi propaganda. If a million Germans could come to this country freely and mix with English people, I should be delighted, but, in fact, only approved Germans are allowed out of Germany and a football match in Great Britain is written up for German consumption as a proof of British approval of Nazism. The coming Olympic Games in Germany supply another example. I am informed that Dr. Wilfrid Bade of the German Ministry of Propaganda has been put on to the Executive Committee of the International Olympic Games, and that all the landladies in Berlin whose rooms have been accepted as suitable for members and guests of the Olympiad have been asked to attend special propaganda courses in which they are to be told how to advance the Nazi cause tactfully amongst their foreign guests. They are to let their guests know what the Nazi regime has done for them in Germany and to explain away the Nuremberg anti-Jewish laws. No Jewish landlady can rent rooms to guests, because foreign visitors are only permitted to stay in houses which display the national swastika flag, which Jews are forbidden to do. I suppose Sir John would say that the Olympic Games have no political significance. And will someone say the same thing about the much rumoured City loan to Hitler—if the City can be induced again to throw good money after bad? I should not be surprised to see this line adopted in the Beaverbrook press, for I am told that Lord Beaverbrook, who has for some time now been worried about the impossibilities of complete isolationism, is beginning to toy with the idea of a German-British Entente.

* * *

Talking of Fascist propaganda, what about the regular Talks given in excellent English and a charming female voice which come over the wireless from Rome and Milan? These Talks, of course, break the international convention by which Italy as well as other countries promises not to use the wireless for foreign political propaganda, and I should have thought that if Great Britain meant business and really wanted to upset Mussolini's war, the B.B.C. would be used for equally carefully compiled broadcasts from which the Italians might

learn, in their own tongue, why the League has adopted its present attitude, how untruthful their own newspapers are and how anxious we are not to damage them, but put a stop to Mussolini's aggression. Surely this would be the most logical and peaceful of sanctions.

* * *

In conversation members of the Croix de Feu nominate General Weygand as head of the Government when they have carried their *coup d'état*. Their organisation would rule according to the Fascist model, but Colonel de la Rocque is not Hitler and France is not Germany. They need a distinguished non-party chief who would command respect outside the organised Fascist ranks. General Weygand fills the bill nicely. He was Foch's second in command and reputed to have the better brain of the two. He is now seventy and recently retired from the Conseil de Guerre, in order, so it is believed, to be free to collaborate with La Rocque. I notice that at the Caledonian dinner in Paris last Saturday night when Scotsmen living in France celebrated St. Andrew's Day in whisky and haggis, the guests included General Weygand as well as the Duke and Duchess of York. In reply to an inquiry why General Weygand should have been present, I was told that it was probably thought desirable for him to meet members of the British royal family just now. This was a convenient way of arranging the matter. After all no one could complain if the Caledonian Society entertained a French general.

* * *

Two plays about sixteenth century queens are now being acted in Paris. One is a boost of royalty and absolutism, and the heroine, wisely chosen for the purpose, is Queen Elizabeth. She is shown as a heroic and ascetic leader, renouncing happiness in single-minded devotion to her country. I am told that it is not a distinguished play or particularly well-acted or produced. It is immensely popular; all seats are booked for many weeks ahead. The second is a far better play, with a star cast, brilliantly acted and beautifully produced. It centres round Queen Margot, wife of Henry of Navarre, and reveals a lot of unpleasant truths about royalty and Court life of the period. It is not a success. You can get a seat anywhere you like any night. For the moment the Parisian theatre public are not interested in wit or in good acting, and they do not want to entertain doubts about royalty. They want to feel good about despotism.

* * *

I had always thought of Sir Samuel Hoare as a man of tact and acumen. But the best commentary on his speech at the Annual Dinner of the Royal Institute of International Affairs last week was the expression on the faces of the forty-odd foreigners—ambassadors and diplomats—as they listened to him expounding at considerable length the familiar thesis that the British people have a peculiar and almost infallible instinct for foreign affairs. This British doctrine that God gave us a superior faculty which always makes us right still goes down well enough with some popular audiences in this country. But on the Continent it is a stock joke, and I know that I was not alone in feeling dismayed at this lapse into sheer provincialism on the part of a Foreign Minister speaking before distinguished guests from other countries, who, curiously enough, are all accustomed to hearing in their own countries that their population is endowed with a similar unique gift. After this speech I was not surprised to see that Sir Samuel had decided to take a holiday.

* * *

As I dislike the ancient Romans and their language, and love the literature of ancient Athens, I should like to be able to believe the theories that were put forward by a conference on the teaching of Greek last week at the University of London Institute of Education. It is apparently held that if a child is to learn Latin and Greek, it is better to begin with Greek than with Latin. This may be true, but will need a good deal of demonstration. If I remember rightly that was how John Stuart Mill started at the age of three, but I have never thought Mill's education a good pattern to follow. Speakers seem also to have suggested that Greek is a more practically useful background for a science student than Latin. That I doubt. On the other hand, I am sure that it is a better cultural background for everybody, and that if more scientists were brought up on Greek they would be better educated men.

CRITIC.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. C. Porter.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

If dog-lovers could combine .o end the horrors of the derelict areas they could look their dogs in the face without a guilty conscience.—James Douglas in the *Daily Express*.

I know a woman who loves a tortoise. The tortoise loves her. It comes to her when she calls it!

All creatures are lovable, even toads. Have you ever heard a chorus of toads? Well, I can never forget the spring love-chant of the toads in a villa near Fiesole. Their passionate song amazed me. It was sweet and low and melodious. The toads were mating in the garden lily pond!

If you want to see the art made by the love of birds and beasts, go to the Chinese Art Exhibition. It will fill you with awe and wonder. Life is one. The whole universe is creative love. Don't miss the monkeys!—James Douglas in the *Daily Express*.

If any objection can be brought against the miniature battle arrays in the Christmas shops, it is that the consignments from Germany overdo the realism with their dead horses and wounded men being bandaged. Toy soldiers and nursery battles should be gallant, not morbid.—*Morning Post*.

Madame Clara Novello-Davies, mother of Ivor Novello, told the *Sunday Referee* yesterday that she hopes to sing "Keep the Peace Fires Burning" to Mussolini. Madame Novello-Davies is taking the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir on a European tour. "We have sung before Queen Victoria, King George, and Queen Mary," said Madame Novello-Davies. "If Mussolini listens to us, I feel sure that he will turn aside from his war-mongering and espouse the cause of peace."—*Sunday Referee*.

Mr. Malcolm Macleod, an elder of the Flashader Free Presbyterian Church, Isle of Skye, stated last night in an interview that he had "hardly slept a wink" since being asked to appear before the Kirk Session to answer suggestions that he 1, Helped to gather sheep on a Saturday knowing that they were to be moved on a Sunday; and 2, allowed his wife to attend a bazaar at Edinbain, Skye.

It was stated that Mr. Macleod, who lives at Edinbain, had been refused baptism for a daughter as a result of the affair. "I was very much surprised and vexed at this refusal," said Mr. Macleod, "and while I do admit gathering sheep on a Saturday, I did not realise that they were to be transported on a Sunday. I did not authorise my wife to go to the bazaar, but she went along with a friend to see it, and I told her to leave all her money at home in case that it would be said that she purchased anything."—*Belfast Newsletter*.

Mrs. Burnett (York) . . . There were times when war might be justified, she said, quoting: "There was war in heaven, and Michael and his angels fought."—Report of Church Assembly Debate in *Church Times*.

I read "Wayfarer's" letter regarding fog. If there is a strong wind there is not much fog. Therefore, when there is no wind would it not be possible to have erected at a great height some kind of electric fans? These could be fixed on high buildings throughout a city, and when this enemy comes switch on the current and the atmosphere would clear.—Letter in Scottish *Daily Express*.

We have been asked by Miss Baldwin to point out with reference to a paragraph in our issue of October 24th that her dog Winkley Saucy Boy did not lie down and howl during the final test at the Wire Fox Terrier Association Show.

We insert this paragraph to remove any misapprehension that may have arisen.—*Daily Mail*.

10,000 THINGS

I WAS recently sent an advertisement of a new work for the young, entitled *The World of Wonder*. The heading of the advertisement ran: "10,000 Things Every Child Should Know." I could not help wondering, when I read this, whether the human brain is more precocious than it used to be and whether the modern child can be at least ten times cleverer than the children among whom I grew up. I am sure that in my own infancy no one expected me to know anything like 10,000 things. We were expected to know such things as the names of the Twelve Apostles, the Kings and Queens of England in the right order (with their wives and husbands), the area of Lake Michigan, the length of the Yangtsekiang, the chief exports of the Gold Coast, the proof that the earth was round, the multiplication table, and, as we grew older, the French for "pen" and "aunt" and the Latin for "O table!" But I doubt whether by the age of fifteen any of us could have answered even 1,000 questions, let alone 10,000.

Knowledge has undoubtedly increased since those days, and knowledge that was then thought valuable is now accounted valueless. There are modern schools, it is said, in which it is considered more important for a boy to know the facts of sex than to be able to name the books of the Old Testament in the right order. This would have seemed very odd to my aunts. Even spelling was in the nineteenth century looked on as a more important branch of education than sex. Spelling, however, is nowadays openly derided in some quarters as a study for pedants. Spelling itself has in some respects changed. Time was when we lost marks in an examination paper if we spelt "judgment" with two "e's." To-day the highest authorities tell us that the correct way to spell "judgement" is with two "e's." I do not think we need care very much how we spell a word, if we all spell it the same way; but it seems curious to teach the children of one generation that one spelling is right, and the children of the next that another spelling is right. Having made a mistake in spelling, our teachers should stick to it.

I am not sure that it matters a great deal what children are taught. They will forget most of it in any case. I have forgotten alike the order of the books of the Old Testament and the names of the tributaries of the Danube. I do not remember either what causes frost or the name of the wife (if any) of the prophet Haggai. What chiefly matters, however, is to keep the brain and the memory of the child temporarily busy. This used to be done largely by lessons in Latin grammar and by teaching the dates of battles fought by races that have long since perished. It was as harmless a form of education as could be devised. I have heard many arguments against the teaching of Latin, but I never knew a boy to be seriously damaged by it. The very look of the first Latin word we see seems to me to awaken the imagination. It has the effect of foreign travel, taking us into a world, indeed, that is foreign to our own both in place and in time. I confess I fell in love with "mensa" at first sight, and I would not have exchanged the wall that Balbus built for the walls of Troy or of Derry. My elders declared that Latin grammar was important, because it provided the ideal form of mental gymnastics; but I never believed so utilitarian an argument. What it provided me with was excitement—the excitement of strange and beautiful words set in a strange order, and, though I never became a scholar or pursued my studies very diligently, I am sure I got more pleasure from odd lines and snatches of Virgil and Horace than from *The Arabian Nights*.

Many men, looking back on their schooldays, declare that they were bored by their Roman studies, but I never worked hard enough to be bored. Even in the English class I was a tolerant listener, though I came near to being bored by the verse narratives of Sir Walter Scott. In this respect I find that I am in a small minority, for Sir Walter's verse as a rule stirs the boyish heart. For myself, I was a devotee of his prose, but had no relish for learning his cantos by heart at the rate of twenty lines a day. Milton, on the other hand, because of the flavour of his phrases, was as exciting as a Latin exercise. Many people say that you spoil great poetry for the young by turning it into a school lesson, but I believe this to be nonsense. If you meet a man who says that he cannot read Shakespeare because he had to learn the plays at school, you may be reasonably sure that the tastes with which he was born lay outside Shakespeare. I doubt whether the taste for poetry can be destroyed by teaching children either good poetry or bad. I sometimes wonder, indeed, whether anything is of very much importance in education except the character of the teacher.

If I have any grudge against the schools that I attended it is that they made no effort to dispel our ignorance of the history or the natural history of our countryside. There was enough legend and history at our doors to stock an *Iliad*, yet, apart from a few dry-as-dust facts, we were told none of it. As for nature, we learnt more about the mountains of Central America than about the birds that sang in our gardens, the trees that grew in our parks, and the flowers of the field. It may be that there are compensations for such ignorance, for we can enjoy the excitement of a second childhood in later life when we discover the treasures amid which we grew up so blind. At the same time I think the happiness of childhood is enormously enlarged by a knowledge of the appearances and the songs of the birds and by the ability to recognise and name the flowers and the butterflies as they return at their proper season. It may be thought that anyone born with a taste for such things would develop it without tuition, and this is possibly true of the child born in the country. The town-bred child, however, is a prisoner of the town during the most exuberant time of the year and has almost as little chance of knowing the birds and the flowers as of knowing Latin grammar, unless his elders direct his imagination to them. Seldom visiting the country except in high summer, I was better acquainted with the breeds of farmyard poultry than with the birds in the trees and hedges. I do not mean to say that I did not know the difference between a wren and a yellowhammer, but I was more than thirty years old before I could recognise the song of a hedge-sparrow. Yet the song of the hedge-sparrow is, I hold, one of the 10,000 things every child should know.

It is to my mind—at least, for persons like myself—more important to know the song of a hedge-sparrow than to know "the working of locomotives, the Diesel engine, a gas engine, and even the working of our own muscles and nerves," illustrations of which are provided for the young in *The World of Wonder*. There are, I believe, many children who are constitutionally incapable of understanding the working of a machine. I cannot even understand the working of my motor car. I know what ensues when I press the accelerator or put on the brake; but what exactly takes place in the bowels of the car when I press the accelerator I should be puzzled to explain in an examination paper. It is the same with my portable wireless-set. I do not know why by turning this small box in a certain direction and by fiddling with a knob and a wheel I can persuade waves of sound into my room from Moscow. I do not know what part the accumulator plays in the mystery, or what part the dry battery. I can make use of these things for practical purposes, but I am as ignorant of their working as of the working of my digestive system. I should like to know about them, but in matters of science and machinery I quickly get out of my depth and realise that it would be useless to try to go further. Obviously, it is important that a certain proportion of children should know these things, and probably in an age of machinery a greater and greater proportion of children will get to know them; but for myself and others like me, they must remain as unattainable as the peak of Everest.

It is possible that if I bought *The World of Wonder* I should find myself an entranced discoverer of a new world of knowledge as I was when I first began to know a little about

birds and flowers. The scales might suddenly fall from my eyes, and I might feel the same initiate's excitement that I felt when I first opened a Latin grammar. I should give a great deal to possess not only an appetite for knowledge but the power to absorb it. If ever I acquire this, it will certainly be from a book written for children, for I shall have to go back to the A.B.C. of the matter. An elderly man in a hotel told me some years ago that he was a regular subscriber to a child's magazine, because it was full of really exciting and informing articles about things that he had always wanted to understand. Perhaps *The World of Wonder* will perform me as useful a service. I doubt, however, whether I shall ever be able to learn all those 10,000 things that every child should know. Still, I can have a shot at the working of the Diesel engine. If I can ever understand that, I fancy I shall be able to understand almost anything. Y. Y.

MONEY AND THE ELECTION

THE correspondence columns of the *Times* have been filled with "Election Echoes." Conservatives have written pages of complaints about "rowdyism" and "mis-statements." Any Labour candidate could compile a much longer and far funnier list of the latter, but the interesting point is that no one has been allowed to hint at the most important and dangerous factor in modern politics—the growing use of private money. Englishmen are accustomed to two parties, both about equally wealthy. The Liberals may have been individually rather poorer than the Conservatives, but they had large and mysterious party funds, and were backed by powerful business interests as well as by some old "Whig" families, and by many very rich Quakers and Jews.

The electorate, especially in the counties, looked upon both candidates as fair game. Every cricket and football club took subscriptions off them. They were approached by all those queer organisations—goose clubs, slate clubs, etc.—which usually centre round public houses. If the Conservatives rather specialised in these, the Liberals countered by presents to the organ funds of Wesleyan chapels, and subscriptions to the Ancient Order of Rechabites. No great harm was done. The two sets of bribes mostly cancelled out. There was some pressure on employees, but this was a dangerous weapon for either side, as there were plenty of Liberal farmers and business men.

There is now a new alignment, which is more marked each year as the Liberals disappear and the "National Party" ramp works to its logical end. To-day nearly every member of the leisured classes and almost every business concern support the same political party. I have an intimate knowledge of two county constituencies, one agricultural and residential, the other containing a largish industrial area. The first has always polled over ten thousand Labour votes, the other has just polled over fifteen thousand. In neither did I have the open support of half a dozen people with incomes of over £5 a week. These are typically "hopeful" Labour constituencies, one of which has twice returned Labour members on a split vote. The difference is overwhelming, and the National Party is learning to use its power more effectively and blatantly. Conservatives do not like paying for their politics, and local parties are encouraged to put their seats up to a kind of Dutch auction. The "winnable" seats go to people ready to "nurse" the constituency at an annual rate of anything from sixpence a voter upwards. There seems to be a sufficient supply of business men and of the unemployed relations of the very wealthy to buy up most of the constituencies at offers of between one and three shillings a voter.

There are, of course, two kinds of "nursing" in politics as well as in family life. The ordinary Labour method is dry nursing—propagandist meetings, organising local parties, etc. It is dull but economical, costing little but hard work. Unhappily "wet nursing" is far more effective in most county areas. The candidate need do little himself, except sign cheques, roll up to a few smoking concerts, and do the "opular popular" business. The real work is done by the agent and his paid organisers. It is their job to see that no slate club meets without "ten shillings to drink the Member's health," or "the captain's health," for rather spurious military titles are part of the game. No branch of the British Legion must lack the subscription which brings a vice-presidentship, no group of old people must play draughts without a cup being provided, or young people dance without a subsidy towards the expenses. Gradually the agent establishes harmonious contacts with those active and often venal people who organise the amusements of innumerable non-political voters. The Labour Party does not compete, and the Conservatives gain all those people, who—despising politics—believe in getting what they can from the politician.

As the election approaches the National Party machine operates. The hoardings are covered with posters, three-quarters of the London press and nearly all the local papers are full of their propaganda. It is a one-sided attack which has its effect on the mentality of the weaker brethren. In the constituencies employers can safely put pressure on their men. There is no method of protesting, no shortage of alternative labour, and the Unions are not too strong, especially in the newer industries. This evil is undoubtedly increasing, and is growing more pervasive and subtle. As many Conservative candidates are now business men rather than land-owners, their contacts with the heads of local businesses are more intimate, and their campaigns are organised more drastically. The old squires had certain standards of decency and fair play. They would hardly have adopted the two modern election methods of preventing their opponents from holding meetings, by hiring halls for the election period or submitting to ludicrous over-charges in order to freeze out a poorer party. The pre-war election had a village cricket atmosphere. To-day it is more like a soccer match between highly paid professionals and a scratch team of amateurs.

The marshalling of wealth on one side is making the motor car problem more serious. An ingenuous knight writes to the *Times* from the Carlton Club that "Labour always polls its strength." I have fought four general elections, and helped with a car in two or three by-elections. On every occasion the hours between eight and nine at night have been a frantic scramble to bring up in a few small cars the hundreds of out-lying voters, old people, mothers of families and others who cannot go long distances to the poll. Conservative cars have gone home, or stand idle outside public houses. In none of these elections have less than five hundred safe Labour votes been left unpolled for lack of conveyances. On a wet winter day the number is far greater. The flooding of constituencies with cars of one political colour has also a definite effect on people's minds. A certain type "likes to back the winning side." Another is convinced that "Labour are all right, but they are too poor to fight against the rich." The circulating cars make an extremely effective last minute canvass.

Many Labour candidates must be asking whether democracy can survive the development of a contest between the "haves" and the "have nots," fought under rules made by the former.

G. T. GARRATT

OPEN POSTSCRIPT TO "A.P.H.," M.P.

NO, Alan, no: you can't slip out of it like that—at least, not with honour, and I never knew you want to do a dishonourable thing. I am not, of course, responsible for anything that may have been said about you by J. B. Priestley or "Critic" (anyway—you will agree with me on this one point—they come from an inferior University!), and you can argue with them, or stop, exactly as you like. But you must remember that you are now my representative in Parliament, and morally bound to answer all reasonable questions from your constituents which may conceivably be to the benefit of the constituency and the country.

I quite understand that, in the rush in which you must have been caught up, you had no time to read my letter with attention; but, if you had, you would have found that it was not a "patron-

ising lecture," as you so strangely call it, but a very mild and, indeed, humble appeal from one friend to another that the latter should at least consider a certain point of view which might bring hope and health in the place of starvation and despair to millions. You must remember that the whole attack came from you. There was not a sentence or a phrase in my letter that was not amicable and admiring; but it called forth from you such a whirlwind of denunciation and innuendo (all, I may mention incidentally, quite untrue) that it exacted a reply. However, I shall pass lightly over these. I won't say that a man likes (after he has espoused an unpopular cause all his life as I have espoused Divorce Law Reform: I am, in fact, a vice-president of the society for the reform of the divorce laws) to be told that he has not studied the matter. But such personal matters are trifles.

You gave yourself away, if I may say so, Alan, in the one word "facile" when you talk of "the facile assumptions of Socialism." A party held on the 24th of June may be cheery or depressing; the one thing it cannot be is a *Christmas* party. And when you talk about these "facile" assumptions, are you aware that there has probably been a greater amount of hard thinking, difficult writing, debate, dissension and expert knowledge lavished on Socialism than on any other subject except Theology? Why, there lies before me as I write a copy of "Socialism and Peace: the Labour Party Programme of Action," containing thirty pages of close print, to which dozens of hard-headed men, each an acknowledged authority on his subject, have given months of time; you can buy it for twopence. You have probably done so already.

You say that you are "no good at economics, finance, currency, banking, and so forth," and you advance this as a reason for not joining the Socialist Party. Obviously, if this held as an argument for not joining the Socialist Party, it must hold equally for not joining any party (you may say you stood as an Independent, but, at the close of your election address, you announced your intention of following Mr. Baldwin in general). Only—I give you the point freely—do you really suppose that the nine-and-a-half million or so who vote Labour are all economists?

I never meant the question, "What would poor Haddock do then?" with its obvious nursery song effect, to be taken seriously. What poor Haddock would, in fact, do, we all now know, though neither you nor I could have had a suspicion of it when your letter was written. He would do very well in almost any circumstances, simply because of those qualities of courage and energy to which I drew attention in my first letter. As for the suggestion that I hinted, darkly or lightly, that you were merely "comfortable or complacent, and thinking only of your own interests," I never thought it less of any man. That is precisely the reason why I want you on our side. My letter was not an attack, as you seem to think, but an appeal.

GERALD GOULD

Correspondence

THE LABOUR PARTY'S FUTURE

SIR,—I read Mr. Cole's article with great interest and sympathy. It raises a number of important points. My object in writing is not to discuss those points, but to comment on one of the arguments of his critics. It is urged that there is no need to trouble about the future of the Labour Party because the Liberal Party will soon be dead and after its death the country will have to turn to the Labour Party when it wants a change of Government and to take whatever that party likes to give it.

The Labour Party to-day holds 154 seats. It is weaker, that is, than the Liberal Party after the disastrous election of 1886 when its numbers were reduced to 191. (I am excluding, of course, the 85 Irish Home Rulers.) In the twenty years that followed that election the Liberal Party was in office for three years only, and when in office it depended on the Irish vote. I cannot see any reason in the ordinary vicissitudes of politics for expecting the Labour Party to be more successful in the next twenty years than the Liberal Party was between 1886 and 1906. There is no evidence in the figures of the seven elections that have been held since the war to justify the view that the new democratic electorate is revolutionary. There is much to justify the view that it dreads violent disturbance. Just after the war there was a revolutionary mood in England; but the disasters, economic and political, of the Continent have checked it and spread prudence and caution.

I am not discussing the arguments for or against any particular policy. I merely wish to suggest that in this discussion it is fallacious to argue, as I have seen it argued more than once, that the swing of the pendulum must bring the Labour Party not merely office but enough power to carry any measures it likes.

Oatfield, Piccotts End, Hemel Hempsted. J. L. HAMMOND

SIR,—For once in a way Mr. Cole has written something which in its reasoning and its conclusions seems to me more wrong than right, and I should like to put another point of view. I am appalled by the prospect of Labour candidates building an appeal upon careful explanations of what we do *not* propose to do. Surely the obvious retort of the other side would be—"*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.*"

I think Mr. Cole exaggerates the party's failure at the polls, but that is a minor point, for, of course, the results were disappointing. My quarrel is with his analysis of the causes and even more with his prescription of a remedy. I have always thought myself a modest person by comparison with him, but on this occasion, whereas he quite unnecessarily depicts himself as a "liability" of the party, I have to apologise in advance for the apparent egotism involved in my statement of another view.

I fought a county division with 60,000 electors of whom 40,000 went to the poll. In the county town there are three large engineering works, and during the past year trade has so improved that the local Unemployed Workmen's Associations have ceased to function. That was a bull point for the Government. Outside this centre are two or three districts with a substantial "dormitory" population of middle-class City workers, and innumerable villages and hamlets mainly or wholly agricultural. Motoring the whole of polling day, I was unable to visit all the polling stations. In many cases electors have to go five miles to vote; in some cases two villages are served by one school about equidistant from either. We had seven cars, and our opponents had 300 registered. We opened the campaign without a shot in the locker, and we raised and spent in all about £200 to £250. (I have not the complete return for reference.)

With all these handicaps we reduced the adverse majority of 1931 by more than 7,000 votes; and actually polled 3,000 more than we did in 1929. This result was not achieved by decrying or apologising for the record of Labour in office. Twice we have been "let down" by the "outstanding personality" whom we had taught the electorate to respect; but I claim that the actual record of the two short-lived Labour Governments (legislative and administrative), allowing for all errors, compares favourably with that of any other Government in any similar period.

Neither was it achieved by taking a short view and relegating Socialism to the background. I told the electors that my chief concern in politics was the elimination of poverty and unemployment and war. I told them with equal frankness that this was not to be achieved in five minutes or in five years by any magic; but I asked for *a mandate to begin with that purpose;* and I proposed as the first objects of attack the Land and Money Monopolies, and as the immediately following steps the control and planning of the staple industries as public services. On the international field I staked everything upon the development of a stronger League of Nations.

The discussion on both sides turned in the main upon armaments, banking and housing, plus the relative claims of the two parties to have a sound agricultural policy. My opponent's stock-in-trade was the common hotch-potch of Conservative prejudices and assumptions (honestly held); but he was a gentleman, who disdained to use the "Building Society Bombshell," and I fear that he was embarrassed by the fact that I brought it into the limelight as a text upon which to expound Socialist policy and aims with regard to housing and the ownership of personal property, as distinguished from industrial property.

We have spent four years in the formulation of policy, and all that is really wrong in that connection is that we have not made our policy widely known and understood.

That is the first point. The other is a question of machinery. Our assets in the Chelmsford Division were (*a*) efficient local parties in the two main centres, which had carried on a steady propaganda and were ready for the fight in every respect save that of money, (*b*) a thoroughly competent election agent, and (*c*) the invaluable support of the organisers of the Agricultural Workers' Union, which has branches in most of the larger villages.

If we spend the next four years in strengthening our electoral organisation and expounding our policy to the people, rather than in raking over it in search of flaws, I am confident of the result.

Some of the " disappointments " of this last election were foreseen by candidates who knew that their local organisation had gone to seed. Good organisers will help us more effectively than any spell-binder.

FRED HUGHES
(Labour Candidate for Chelmsford)

87 Herongate Road, E.12.

SIR,—I congratulate you and Mr. G. D. H. Cole upon his article " Labour Party's Future." I think he has struck exactly the right note. I am an old Radical Liberal, having given my first vote over forty years ago, and am still a progressive, shall I say a Liberal Socialist, really a gradual Socialist, and there are many thousands like me who think Socialism must come, but it must come gradually. We do not believe in scrapping a machine which is doing fairly good work until we are sure we can replace it with a better one.

We are not afraid of men like Morrison (whose speech broadcast was the best on the Labour side I thought), or of Clynes. Personally, I am more afraid of Mr. Cole and the economists. What we are really afraid of is the Left wing of the Labour Party.

It would clear the air immensely if the leaders would definitely state, as Mr. Cole suggests, a policy they meant to carry through precisely. I believe if they would confine themselves to mines, railways, and electricity, leaving out banking, a very large number of both Liberals and even Conservatives would be sympathetic. To my mind the inclusion of insurance in all its forms would be far more practicable than banking and prove profitable to the nation.

A limited Socialist programme would mean all the difference at the next election; but it must be definite and Communism must be ruled out entirely.

JOHN HOLLIS

The Mill, Hornsea,

SIR,—The real cause of Labour's eclipse is that, knowing very little about it, the public has always been a little suspicious of Socialism, and the unfortunate coincidence of the world crisis with the Labour administration has fostered the belief that Labour stands for wild financial extravagance. This misunderstanding can be overcome in time by a process of patient education; but before the unattached electors, whose votes in fact decide the issue, can be won over many of the rank and file of the Labour Party will have to undergo some strenuous and painful education. No one fighting as a Labour candidate could fail to realise that many ardent supporters are just as muddled in their ideas of Socialism as the majority of its opponents. Hundreds of thousands of votes were cast for Labour by people who optimistically believed that the Labour Government would dole out streams of money from an inexhaustible Treasury. A policy of gradual education would certainly bear fruit in time, because the policy for which the Labour Party stands is a wise and business-like policy and the only alternative to a system of haphazard improvisations. In the long run, the fundamental common sense of the people will always be won over to a reasonable and progressive cause; but exponents of democracy must remember that it has formidable drawbacks which are only tolerable because any other system of government is infinitely worse.

The Labour Party wishes to mould our civilisation on new and better lines, but the preservation of society is even more important than its reorganisation. There is a mass of opinion in the country which would be quite willing to support a progressive Government with a policy which included a large measure of Socialism, but which is too scared of doctrinaire Socialism to vote for a Labour Government. Even in home affairs, general support would be forthcoming for bold and far-reaching measures of change. Our one hope of achieving power lies in some form of progressive alliance, for the period of a single Parliament, based upon a concrete policy of action. That such agreement could be found is demonstrated by the success of *The Next Five Years*, a book outlining a concrete programme of action, fathered by many progressive people, including even some young Conservatives.

Without necessarily accepting this particular policy as the basis for such an alliance, it does at least demonstrate that an alliance would be possible on a policy which would give effect to as much of the Labour Party's programme as could be put into operation in the lifetime of a single Parliament.

Such an alliance would have obvious advantages and few disadvantages. It would produce a progressive majority at the next election, when no political realist imagines that the Labour Party will get a majority by itself. It might be in time to avert war and stave off economic collapse. It would avoid the tragedy of the split vote. Even if its policy were the whole Labour Party policy, many people would vote for it who would never vote simply for a Labour candidate.

H. BRINTON
(Labour Candidate for Grimsby)

SIR,—The Labour Party appeared as a force in British politics because Liberalism, having won its battle for the middle-classes, had spent its force. The radical element of liberalism, with its religious and moral motives, is now chiefly to be found allied with one or other section of the Socialist movement. To what extent can the Labour Party, for this generation, become the instrument of evolution towards Socialism? As a party, it can be criticised in 1935 as not truly democratic or effective in organisation, doctrinaire without presenting a clearly stated policy of action, appealing often to self interest rather than to ideals, and ignoring the need for making steady demands upon its members. No party can be blamed for lacking " great men." Members of the party may well congratulate themselves, after the experience of the last fifteen years, that there is no popular hero to corrupt its ideals. Of steady and devoted ability, capable of proving itself in government, there is no lack.

A prescription for the present sickness of the Party is a compound one.

(1) Loose organisation, with its affiliated membership, necessary in the development of the party, is now an anachronism, and a serious obstacle to effective progress; co-operation with allied societies and trade unions can be more effectively obtained through the work of individual members.

(2) Devolution of organisation must be carried further, individuals made responsible for propaganda services, collection and canvassing for 50 or 100 houses in town and country, and a local organiser appointed for each polling area.

(3) Educational facilities need to be greatly enlarged and improved. This is work which requires all the spare time of a good organiser on a county or borough basis; it is useless to offer amateurish classes and study circles.

(4) Individual members have too little opportunity for voicing opinion on policy. Monthly divisional conferences of individual members and half-yearly regional delegate conferences would be more eagerly attended than ward business meetings, the work of which is, for the most part, better conducted by a small executive.

(5) Candidates, whether municipal or parliamentary, should, with rare exceptions, be local, young, and following some useful occupation; ability to contribute heavily to election expenses should, and undoubtedly could, be irrelevant. Funds can be made available by a steady drive for increased membership, with an understanding that contributions should rise steeply for larger incomes. The distinctly unhealthy influence of uniquely large contributions, whether from individuals or societies, upon local Labour parties can thus be steadily eliminated.

(6) The party has given too much attention to giving a loose interpretation of its aims for the general public, chiefly with a view to elections, too little to presenting the main points of its immediate programme, and too little to providing its members with information. Two things are needed: (*a*) a bald but coherent statement of party policy as developed out of conference decisions, with adequate references to sources of information; and (*b*) weekly or monthly " notes " on current events, providing brief but accurate information, part of which should be locally produced. With the encouragement of local and regional conferences as clearing houses, much of the present difficulty with regard to agenda for the annual party conference should disappear, and progress towards a clearly defined policy in all fields, without which the party cannot make an effective appeal, be accelerated.

(7) Lastly, the party must cease to fear its friends and apologise to its enemies. Heresy hunting must disappear, with its accompanying timid dissociation from organisations which include members of the Communist Party and the I.L.P. There are few members of the party who have not felt ashamed of a policy which makes " liberal " capitalism a closer friend than communism; however difficult as partners the protagonists of the British Communist Party may be, they are inspired by the same ideals as the Labour Party.

DUNCAN LEYS

SIR ERNEST GRAHAM-LITTLE, M.P.

SIR,—The writer of your " London Diary " is clearly so angry at the resounding defeat of the Samuelite-Liberal and Socialist candidate at the recent election of a Member of Parliament for London University that he has lost his sense of humour, for he

chooses the moment when I have been re-elected by the largest poll on record in the University to quote an opinion contributed by Mr. Keynes to your journal a year ago, that I am "obviously unfit to represent a University in Parliament." Surely the electors of a constituency are the final arbiters of the fitness of a candidate to represent them! Incidentally it may be noted that Mr. Keynes does not sit for his own University in Parliament, although rumour credits him with a burning belief that he ought to do so—an opinion that is not as yet shared by a sufficient number of electors to render its realisation feasible.

The London University seat seems to exercise irresistible attraction for Socialist candidates. In the four elections for that seat which I have contested I was confronted three times by a Socialist opponent. On the first occasion (1924) in a four-candidate contest, the Socialist was at the bottom of the poll—coming within a dozen votes of forfeiting his deposit. On the second occasion (1931), in a straight fight, my majority was 5,327 out of a poll of 11,595; at the last election, just concluded, also a straight fight, my majority was 5,040 out of a poll of 12,876, the drop in my majority, but not in my poll, between 1931 and 1935 being, perhaps, explained by the addition of the Samuelite-Liberal to the Labour vote in 1935.

Perhaps this reaction of University electors explains your correspondent's dictum that "the University vote is an anomaly in our democratic system." This sentiment, however, did not preclude the Samuelite-Liberal and Socialist associations in the University from an endeavour to capture the seat. They, too, exhibited a deficient sense of humour by putting forward a candidate who, when in Parliament, had voted consistently against the maintenance of University representation and yet subsequently sought to obtain personal profit from an institution which he had done his utmost to destroy.

Your correspondent seems to be agitated by his discovery that the Universities do not come under the operation of the Ballot Act—from which indeed they were expressly excluded. That there is no general desire amongst University electors to make a secret of their votes is abundantly clear from the practice—which has become traditional—of candidates publishing in advance of the election a list of persons who have pledged their support to a particular candidate and authorised publication of their names. Sir Norman Angell himself published such a list containing some hundred names, and I was prevented from following his example only by the number—some 5,000—of my declared supporters, the printing of whose names, in view of the restriction of election expenses, was too costly to contemplate. Doubtless it is inconvenient to an elector when he has publicly announced that he has taken no part in an election for it to be revealed that he has, in fact, voted for one of the candidates in that election, but the Ballot Act was intended not to obviate incidents of this nature but to prevent intimidation of voters. This danger remains, I submit, an improbable factor in University elections, nor has there been any instance during 300 years of University representation of the careers of electors being "seriously injured by the animosity of the M.P. representing their University." This menace lies only in your correspondent's imagination.

"Fas est et ab hoste doceri." Mr. Baldwin, one of the shrewdest and most experienced politicians of his time, said in a recent speech that as long as the Socialist Party continued to worship at the shrine of its baleful idols of the moment—Mr. G. D. H. Cole and Professor Laski—its sojourn in the wilderness was likely to be of indefinite duration. Professor Laski—one of your favourite protégés—was, of course, a protagonist in promoting Sir Norman Angell's candidature; his published support of my opponent was undoubtedly worth many hundreds of votes to me.

House of Commons. E. GRAHAM-LITTLE

[We do not propose to reply to the numerous misrepresentations, boasts and personal insults in this letter. Some of them (e.g., the description of Professor Laski as our protégé) are merely silly. The list of declared supporters published by a candidate before an election has, of course, no relevance to the issue of the secrecy of the ballot. Taken as a whole this letter is a characteristic specimen of Sir Ernest Graham-Little's peculiar controversial technique.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

PACIFISTS AND SANCTIONS

SIR,—The various objections which have been brought against the course proposed in my article come in every case from the anti-sanctioneers. Mr. Evans deprecates support of sanctions on the ground that the British Government has never "been moved by anything other than the interests of British Imperialism." I don't believe a word of it. What about the "moving effect" of the results of the Peace Ballot? Moreover, I see no reason why one should take it for granted (*a*) that the British Government *wants* war, and (*b*) that, whereas every other body of Englishmen is found to include a substantial proportion of members convinced that collective security is the best way to prevent it, the British Government should contain no one who acknowledges the strength of considerations which appeal to everyone else. I fail, in other words, to see why it should be assumed that members of Governments are *never* moved by arguments that have weight with ordinary men. But even if Mr. Evans is right, what of it? If somebody wants to go to the same place as I do, I do not see why I should refuse to share the expense of hiring a car to take us, merely because I suspect that his reasons for wanting to go there are different from mine. It is results that matter, not states of mind; and, provided the cause of collective security be assisted, it is mere heresy-hunting to inquire too closely into the reasons which led to the assistance being given.

Mr. Liddell says that it is better to risk the chances of possible war in the future than to risk an "immediate European" war in the present. Of course it is. But whoever suggested such a pair of alternatives? I pointed out that, assuming economic sanctions were not effective, the mere threat of war by fifty nations would probably be enough to prevent it. Nothing has happened since to cause me to change my opinion. But one's view of the situation depends upon one's estimate of the League. If Mr. Liddell insists on regarding the League as just another group of Powers threatening war to serve their own purposes, then, I agree with him, we should withhold our support. But if he is right about the League, we must give up all hope of establishing a system of collective security to supersede war, fold our hands and wait for the crash. But suppose that one thinks of the League as being, at least in intention, a group of warders trying to restrain a lunatic who has run amuck, then those who believe in the restraint of lunatics would be well advised to help the warders. Nor will the obligation to assist be cancelled because some of the warders are suspected of wanting to assist the lunatic and others show signs of being lunatics themselves. In other words, the fact that the League is an imperfect guardian of the public peace is no ground for withholding one's support, unless one is convinced that it has betrayed what it professes to guard.

Mr. Hubbard asks me whether I would advocate sanctions, if the democratic form of government which lost at Adowa in 1896 were still in power in Italy. Of course! The fact that a burglar has all the private virtues and lives a model home life does not justify him in burning my MSS in a pique because he finds that they have no value, and stealing my spoons. Nor does it afford any ground for not stopping him if he tries.

4 East Heath Road, N.W.1. C. E. M. JOAD

TOTEM

SIR,—From the criticism of Mr. Stovin's book, which appeared in your last issue, I derived no tittle of amusement and a small stirring of annoyance with people who endeavour to pour scorn on things of which they obviously and lamentably know nothing.

Nobody who knows or has met "Tubby" Clayton personally, could fail to be amused by anyone attributing "subtle viciousness" to any scheme of his. No-one could show more ignorance of the objects and methods of Toc H than by classifying it, in the first place, with the Y.M.C.A., or secondly, as "a grouping of people founded on a purely emotional basis."

Unfortunately, man has not yet reached the stage where some emotional inspiration is not necessary to urge him to efforts requiring real concentration. What finer inspiration than to a Society pledged to obtain that member of Mr. Beevers' "unholy trinity"—Fellowship—through common service, than the inspiration of those who sacrificed their lives for the service of others?

Although not a clerk, I presume that I belong to that "semi-educated type" referred to by Mr. Beevers (and although I am striving hard to make up that deficiency in education, I trust I shall never become one of the supposedly intellectual snobs, happily so few, unhappily so voluble, such as apparently is your critic) and consequently joined Toc H. I was attracted not by its emotionalism but its opportunity of service. Like others, I am still torn as to the advisability of this "patchwork" to-day as opposed to discontinuing it in the hope that it will result in the

sufferers under the present Social system realising their position and sticking out for a better to-morrow, but then, I planted for the former. This Fellowship in common service, is surely practical and is, I think, the basis of Toc H. To say that Toc H is "founded on a purely emotional basis" and "is squandering its time and energy in building up a system of myth" is simply absurd as I shall be glad to prove to Mr. Beevers if he would care to accompany me to one of these centres of "present-day hysteria." No Social worker to-day can possibly be "isolated from all form of reality."

7 Seville Street, S.W.1. J. L. RENDER

WINIFRED HOLTBY

SIR,—I have recently undertaken to write the story of Winifred Holtby's life and work, and I should be grateful if I might ask your readers through your columns to help me to produce a book not altogether unworthy of her.

She left me, as her literary executor, in charge of her writings and private papers, and I am not asking for the loan of letters as I have a large number of these accessible in my own files and in those of close friends, but I am particularly anxious to collect incidents and impressions of her, relating to occasions when I was not present or to the period before I first knew her, at Oxford in the Michaelmas term of 1919.

If any who have met her, read her, or heard her speak would care to inform me of such incidents or impressions while these are still vivid in their minds, I should be deeply indebted to them, and I should also be glad to receive quotations from letters if these throw light upon her personality or have specially influenced her correspondents.

Any contribution of this kind will be most gratefully acknowledged. VERA BRITTAIN

19 Glebe Place, Chelsea, S.W.3.

A VICTORIAN PRAYER

SIR,—In the matter of this Victorian prayer, which he dislikes so much, Mr. Pearsall Smith has misled your readers; and wilfully. But with amiable intent, for his object in suppressing a material fact was undoubtedly to spare my feelings. Actually, I am rather proud of the (to him frightful) truth, that this very popular prayer, "which has sneaked and snivelled its way into the Revised Prayer Book," this "flagrant piece of Victorian sentimentality," was in fact confected by my great grandfather, Canon T. T. Carter, mainly out of different sentences from two of Newman's Sermons; and was originally published in a manual of devotions for the use of the nuns of Clewer. The prayer has naturally nothing Elizabethan or Jacobean about it, but in its own manner it is rather a good prayer; there have been worse writers of prose than Newman and less sensitive arrangers than my great grandfather. Mr. Pearsall Smith, indignantly scouting the possibility of its being a genuine antique, which it doesn't pretend to be, calls it, "a modern fake." Why fake? Would he damn a Canova merely because some innocent supposed it a Praxiteles? Perhaps he would: but the next time I attend a Chelsea Boasting Party, I shall expect to score heavily with a great grandfather who produced a prayer which is now in the Revised Prayer Book. JOHN CARTER

5 Peel Street, Campden Hill, W.8.

Miscellany

GEOGRAPHY—A REMEDY FOR HAPPINESS

WOULDN'T it be much better for us to consider all our sorrows from the point of view of the stars, and to come to the conclusion that in the end everything becomes almost nothing?

Very well—you will say—but in the meantime if one of my sons died here, on this very earth of ours, what would you do then?

Yes, I know. It would be a serious matter, and it would become even more serious when you begin to get over your sorrow, and in front of those eyes who would like never to see again, you perceive—perhaps—the charming smile of those white little flowers blooming at the first rays of the April sun, and a new feeling of life enters your body which your son will never again be able to enjoy.

Well? How could you really expect to be consoled for the death of your son? Is it not better to expect no consolation at all, to look to nothing and to be satisfied with this feeling of "nothing" which embraces sorrows and happiness alike, the absolute "nothing" of human events when we compare them with stars like Sirius or the Alpha Centaurus?

I know it's not easy: but did I ever tell you it is easy? Astronomy is a difficult science not merely to study but also to apply to ordinary events of life.

* * *

Besides, you are inconsistent. You claim that this planet of ours deserves a certain amount of respect, and that it is not so small when compared with human passion, and yet you shut yourselves in a cocoon and don't even grasp all the life which escapes unnoticed while you labour in some obsessing thought or in some depressing sorrow.

I know: you are going to answer that it is not possible to let your imagination lead you into a new and different life while a passion is blinding your present one, but I don't ask you to imagine yourself elsewhere nor even to figure yourself in a different life from the one which is causing you so much trouble. Yet this is what you usually do when you sigh: "If only it were so! If only I could have this or that? If only I could be there!" And they are utterly useless wishes, for if your life could be really different from what it is, how different too would be your feelings, your hopes, your desires. So much so that you cannot stand those who are as you would yourself like to be, or those who possess what you would like to possess, or those who live where you would like to live merely because you think that they cannot be as happy as you think you would be if you were in their place. Which—allow me to say—is a ridiculous feeling because you would no longer envy them if—being in their place—you would cease to be your own self, that is if you would no longer wish to be different from what you are.

No, my dear friends, no: my remedy is quite different: not an easy one—I admit—but quite practicable—so much so that I have actually been able to successfully experiment it on myself.

* * *

I had a first glimpse of it one night—one of those many terrible nights—when I had to keep vigil at a long, everlasting agony—when my poor mother lay for months and months almost a living corpse.

To my wife she was the mother-in-law: to my children someone was dying whose son I was. I am saying this because one of them, I hope, will keep vigil in his turn at my death-bed. Do you understand me? On that night it was my mother who was dying and it was my business, not theirs, to keep vigil.

"Yet"—you will say—"it was their grandmother." Yes, their grandmother: their dear "Granny" . . . and besides they might have shown some pity for me instead of keeping me standing all night, chilled through, almost dropping from fatigue after a day of very hard work.

But the truth was that Granny's days, the days of "dear old Granny" had passed long ago. As for a toy which had gone wrong, the grandchildren had lost all interest in Granny from the day they had seen her after her operation with one small and one large lifeless eye behind the concave lenses of her spectacles! A Granny like that was no longer a pride to them. Besides, she had gradually become stone-deaf, the poor Granny: she was eighty-five and she no longer understood what was going on round her, merely a mass of flesh that gasped and stooped, heavy and needing a lot of nursing which my love for her could alone make me bear.

But even love, my friends, cannot replace sleep: no amount of affection can replace certain necessities of life which must be satisfied even against will.

Try not to sleep for several consecutive nights, after a heavy day's work. The thought of my children who had done no work during the day and yet were now warm and soundly asleep while I was shivering with cold in that room stinking with drugs, was driving me as wild as a bear, and was well near pushing me to rush to them and pull off the bedclothes from their cots and from my wife's bed to see them jump up from their sleep in the cold. But then as I felt in my own body how dreadfully they would shiver and I realised that I was envying their places merely to see them shiver instead of me, I stopped revolting against them and turned myself against the cruelty of fate for still keeping alive my mother's body, now almost unrecognisable, groaning and fully unconscious—and I could not help thinking that, please God, she might at last stop panting.

Presently, the panting ceased, there was a terrible silence in the room. Turning my head—I don't know why—I caught sight of myself in the mirror of the wardrobe, bending over my mother's bed, watching her close to see if she were dead.

I looked at my own face with horror.

The same expression of almost joyful terror was still there, as when I was bending over my mother's body closely watching for her release.

A fresh gasping at that very moment gave me such a horror of myself that I hid that awful face of mine into my hands as if I had committed a crime. But soon I began to weep like a child—like the child I had been for that good saintly mother of mine whose pity I still needed to comfort me against cold and fatigue, though I had just been wishing for her death, my dear saintly mother who had spent so many waking nights for me when I was young and ill. . . . Torn with anguish I began to pace up and down the room.

It soon became impossible to look at things round me, for everything in the room—in their anxious immobility—seemed to have become alive: the bright edge of the wardrobe, the brass knob of the bedstead which I had recently pressed with my hand. In despair I threw myself on the chair of the writing desk of my youngest daughter, "her" little granddaughter who still did her school work in Granny's room. I don't know for how long I sat there. All I know is that it was broad daylight when—after what seemed an enormous lapse of time during which I had entirely forgotten fatigue, cold and despair—I found myself holding in my hands my daughter's geography text book, open at page 75 with heavy smudges on the margins and a large spot of blue ink on the "M" of Jamaica.

I had apparently spent all that time in the Island of Jamaica, where the Blue Mountains are, where the sands seem gently to rise from the north until they reach the easy slopes of the hills. I had seen under the clear waters of the sea the walls of Porto Reale, sunk at the bottom after the terrible earthquake: I had seen the sugar and coffee plantations, the wide fields of Indian corn and millet, the mountain forests: I had rejoiced at inhaling the warm smell of the bedding in the large stables of the cattle-breeders: I had seen all this not merely as a vision, but as if I had really lived there, in those meadows where the sun always shines, where men, women and children carry on their heads the baskets of coffee which they then spread in small heaps in the sun to dry. I had seen all this with the feeling that it was equally true, equally real in that distant country as the sad reality which surrounded me in the room of my dying mother.

I had found the remedy. Geography. Nothing else than this certainty of some real life, far off and entirely different to place against the present oppressing reality. Merely something different, even without any connection to your present life: just something which happens to be as it is and which you cannot prevent being what it is. This is the remedy, my friends, this is the remedy which chance made me discover that night.

And so that you need not strain your brain let me advise you to do exactly as I did, allotting to each of my four children and my wife a part of the world to which I direct my mind the moment they start worrying me.

My wife, for instance, is Lapland. When she asks from me something which I cannot give her, for instance, I immediately place myself in the Gulf of Bothnia and I warn her seriously:

Umea, Lulea, Pitea, Skelleftea. . . .

Are you mad? she asks.

Not at all, my dear—just the rivers of Lapland.

The rivers of Lapland? What have they got to do with me?

Nothing at all, my dear, nothing at all. But they exist, and neither you nor I can deny that at this very moment they are flowing into the gulf of Bothnia. And if you could see, my dear, as I see, the dreariness of some of the willows and of some of the birch trees. . . . Yes, I know, even the willows and the birch trees have nothing to do with you, but they too exist, my dear, and they look so dreary round the frozen lakes of the steppes "Lap" or "Lop"—would you believe it? is an insult to the Laps. They call themselves the Sami. Dirty little dwarfs, my dear! Just imagine—yes, I know, all this has nothing to do with you—but just imagine that while I prize you so highly they prize conjugal fidelity so little that they offer their wife or daughters to the first strangers whom they meet. But be sure, my dear, I shall never try to do as they do.

But what in God's name are you talking about? Are you mad? I was asking you. . . .

Yes, my dear. You were asking me for something else, I don't say you weren't. . . . But what a dreary country it is—Lapland.

LUIGI PIRANDELLO

BROADSIDE SONGS

MR. W. B. Yeats, Mr. F. R. Higgins and their musical editor, Mr. Arthur Duff, have been producing a monthly series of "Broadsides," published at the Cuala Press, Lower Baggot Street, Dublin, which are the most delightful and attractive things of their kind in existence, as far as my knowledge goes. Each Broadside contains two poems with their musical airs and two coloured drawings; they are issued at half a crown each in a limited edition of three hundred copies and may be obtained direct from the Cuala Press or ordered through any good bookseller. When the twelve months are completed at the end of this year it will be possible to obtain all twelve issues in a binding together with an extremely interesting introduction on Anglo-Irish ballads, written by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Higgins jointly. In the first seven numbers (January to July, 1935) which are already published the poems are either traditional or by Mr. Yeats, Mr. Higgins, or other Irish poets, and the musical airs are either old ones or newly composed by Mr. Arthur Duff.

Some time ago, writing in these columns of the exquisitely fresh and expressive poems of Mr. F. R. Higgins, I made the observation that even to me, an Englishman relatively unfamiliar with Irish ballads, many of his lyrics suggested the subtle wavering rhythms of ancient folk song. Indeed, this subtlety of rhythm is a characteristic of all European folk song and perhaps only Schubert at his freest among the great composers of more recent and historic times has ever equalled the finest work of these old and unknown European ballad singers. It is many years now since Mr. W. B. Yeats, in the introduction to his well-known Irish anthology, pointed out that the Gaelic influence was the truly fruitful one in modern Irish poetry and in the Broadside Introduction on Anglo-Irish poetry, of which I have already spoken, the editors say: "All Gaelic poems, or all but a few modern exceptions, were written to some tune." It is very likely that the decay of lyric poetry in recent times is largely due to its divorce from living song, for without this regenerative influence poets are apt to adopt an academic ready-made metrical scheme for their lyrical utterance. The decay of song among the people during the past hundred years was probably accelerated to its final extinction by the advent of compulsory education.

The self-consciousness and snobbism stimulated thereby have finally throttled all natural expression and to-day it

requires extraordinary genius, an intractable nature and a stubborn, inextinguishable vitality in an individual to escape from being pressed into the mould which now awaits him and everybody else at birth.

If the reader of modern poetry or the auditor of modern music wish to know why so much contemporary writing is so arid and so devastatingly intellectual, the explanation is to hand. Composers such as Schönberg and poets—well, perhaps I had better not name any one of my fellow writers in verse—are at their wits' end. In the absence of any possibility of natural utterance they must cerebrate and cerebrate until some tortured and not obviously banal and recognisable nullity comes forth. For artists such as Schönberg and his like among our poets one can only have the greatest respect. Their situation is hopeless, there are no fructifying streams of natural life to thaw the frost which binds them. They spend all their energy avoiding rules, regulations, formalities, codes, laws or in the warfare of cliques and groups. Everything has become politics that is not merely business in life as in art, and the unhappy artist is compelled to fight one formula with another as the unhappy citizen is compelled to vote under one slogan or another. It is difficult indeed to see the way out of this temporary depression, but I call it temporary because I do not believe this unnatural situation can endure. Just as men will not consent forever to be always politicians (either of the Right or the Left!), the artists will not forever rest in the artificial position of having to pretend to be either Advanced or a Back Number.

In the meanwhile there is great refreshment to be got from the poems and the airs of these Broadsides. In Ireland man's natural life is not yet extinct. Speech is not yet stereotyped, there is even no standard B.B.C. pronunciation, and there is not the slightest sign that every Irishman will be compelled one day to declare himself either a Fascist or a Communist, a Progressive or a Reactionary. It is said that the Irish cannot govern themselves. God be praised that they cannot, for this means that Ireland is one of the last homes of humanity, humanism and the great humanistic culture of the world's creative past, that past with which its creative future must be linked!

> The American Eagles
> It burst asunder
> When it saw the Blackbird of Avondale.

The blackbird of Avondale will outlive not only the American Eagle, the German Swastika, the Russian Hammer and Sickle, the Italian Fasces, the Red Flag of Socialism, but every possible political, sociological and theological doctrine with which the standardised man hoodwinks himself and tortures his fellows. In the February Broadside one of Mr. Yeats's songs concludes:

> O what is life but a mouthful of air;
> *Said the rambling, shambling travelling-man;*
> Yet all the lovely things that were
> Live, for I saw them dancing there.
>
> Nobody knows what may befall;
> *Said the wicked, crooked, hawthorn tree.*
> I have stood so long by a gap in the wall
> May be I shall not die at all.

Both Mr. Yeats and Mr. Higgins have shown themselves capable of writing songs understandable and singable by the people. As a political song I shall quote Mr. Yeats's *The Rose Tree* from the Broadside for May:

> 'O words are lightly spoken,'
> Said Pearse to Connolly,
> 'Some politician's idle words
> Have withered our Rose Tree;
> Or maybe but a wind that blows
> Across the bitter sea.'
>
> 'It needs to be but watered,'
> James Connolly replied,
> 'To make the green come out again
> And spread on every side,
> And shake the blossom from the bud
> To be the garden's pride.'

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'But where can we draw water,'
Said Pearse to Connolly,
'When all the wells are parched away?
O plain as plain can be
There's nothing but our own red blood
Can make a right Rose Tree.'

This has the simplicity and directness of the old folk songs. Is there a poet in England who could write such a political song devoid as it is of all banality and self-consciousness? Mr. Higgins's *Song for the Clatter Bones* in the June Broadside is a completely successful effort in another vein. I have space to quote only the first verse:

God rest that Jewy woman,
Queen Jezebel the witch,
Who peeled the clothes from her shoulder-bones
Down to her spent teats
As she stretched out of the window
Among the geraniums, where
She chaffed and laughed like one half daft
Titivating her painted hair—

I wish I had space to quote the two fine versions in the March and February Broadsides respectively of those beautiful traditional ballads *The Lowlands of Holland* and *The Groves of Blarney*, but I hope I have said enough to persuade the reader that he will find poetry and music to delight him in every number of these Broadsides. W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Our Own Lives," at the Ambassadors

Miss Gertrude Jennings has written a comedy about the unlucky results of unconsidered unselfishness. A girl refuses to marry because her parents, who are separated, will be so lonely without her. The mother has a chap she is in love with, the father's *libido* is entirely focused on first editions. But they try to get together again for the sake of this foolish young thing. One has little sympathy with them—it is obviously their own fault for bringing up their daughter to be such a simpleton. The treatment of the subject is unsophisticated, and probably the play will be more successful in the provinces than in the West End. Miss Irene Vanbugh works very hard as the mother, but there is little in the part; and Mr. Baliol Holloway gives to the bibliophile husband the inappropriate conscious charm of Sir Gerald du Maurier. Mr. Stanley Lathbury creates the only character we can believe in; and Lady Tree, playing a Duchess as broad farce, runs away with the play. Miss Agnes Lauchlan, Mr. Lewis Stringer and Miss Laura Cowie all gave good performances. For our part we found the humours of the lower middle class family from Streatham a little shy-making. And the general unreality was increased by the Venice carnival taking place in August, and by a woman of the same world as the Duchess referring to her as "Her Grace." Emphatically not a play for highbrows or the Bright Young, but you could send your grandmother from Barchester to it with the certainty that she would be grateful.

"No Longer Mourn" at the Gate Theatre

It is a pleasure to see a play as well acted as this is, even if the dramatic action of the play itself does not quite rise to the theme. Miss Milton's story, as a novel, carried conviction owing to the larger canvas on which it was drawn, and it is possible that, as a film, the poignancy of the situation between the wife, who thinks her son lost, and her husband, who knows he has been shot, but dare not tell her, might carry its proper weight. The tragic irony needs intensifying by the interpolation of the landscape through which the search for the lost boy takes place, but on the stage the necessarily episodic treatment of the development breaks it up too much. Both Miss Ffrangçon-Davies as the wife, and Miss Marda Vanne as her friend, give performances of great distinction with that sense of restraint which is the most moving exposition of emotion. Mr. Walter Hudd, making a trial run for his film of Col. Lawrence, also gives a brilliant study in the part of the husband. Mr. Hudd is one of the best of our younger actors. He has looks, a beautiful voice, and has been thoroughly grounded in a hard school. If he lacks anything it is a matter of inches, which in films is unimportant: on the stage is almost too important. But, if he can produce in Mr. Korda's film the talents which he certainly has in him, I look to see him a great star in British pictures. He has got a break and I hope it will turn out well for him; for he and Mr. John Mills are almost our only hopes in pictures.

"Storm Song" at the C.A.D.C.

The Cambridge Amateur Dramatic Club has had the excellent idea of producing a new play not yet seen in London by Mr. Denis Johnston, the author of *The Moon in the Yellow River*. *Storm Song* is concerned with the making of a film on a wild Irish island by a Hungarian director and his English staff. Mr. Johnston writes the comedy of humours with a Chekov technique, and his first two acts are extraordinarily good. It is a long while since we have seen any new play nearly so amusing. Then the author seems to lose his nerve, and tumbles into banalities—first a "big scene" about whether a director has the right to risk the natives' lives in a storm, and afterwards we positively have to watch a girl pretending not to love a chap whom she does love, in order to give him his freedom. No doubt many commercial managers and star actors demand this sort of stuff, but what a play Mr. Johnston could have given us if he had been content to remain ironical instead of descending into this forcible-feeble conventionality. There are dozens of playwrights who can write "big" scenes, and none with so much gift as Mr. Johnston for the comedy of humours. The Cambridge amateurs acted extraordinarily well. Mr. Marne Maitland, made up to look oddly like Bertrand Russell, was brilliant as the Hungarian director—his performance indeed was entirely professional. Miss Teresa Mayor was most touching, she combined accomplishment with a rare sincerity. When the play is done by professionals in London, it will be difficult to get better performances than these. Of the other actors, Miss Molly Goldsmith, Mr. Colin Mann, Mr. John Buchanan, Mr. Robin Duff and Mr. Andrew Winser were conspicuously good. The sets were excellent. If this was one of the most successful amateur productions which we have ever seen even at Cambridge, the credit no doubt goes chiefly to Mr. George Rylands, the producer, who incidentally took a small part and made it one of the richest humours in the play. We venture to hope that the success of this production will encourage the A.D.C. to be similarly enterprising in future. The usual amateur habit of performing commonplace West-End successes is really very pointless, and gives pleasure only to the actors.

"Woman Tamer" at the Leicester Square

The shrew to be tamed is the spoiled daughter of an American banker, and the Petruchio is a gangster. He is her guardian—not her husband until the happy ending—and his methods are really very polite. (Let no one ever suggest again that Chicago is less civilised than Renaissance Padua.) This film is as well made as Miss Joan Bennett (who plays the shrew). You may like, or not like, Mr. Raft's feline and super-Woppish sex-appeal, but you must admit that his acting is as polished as his hair. *Woman Tamer* is amusing, exciting, very ingenious. It is only less good value than Mr. Raft's last film, *The Glass Key*—and that was the best American film of the year. Leaving the theatre, we heard a Raft fan quoting Swinburne: "And like the panther's feet, the feet of love."

"La Bandera" at the Curzon

Julien Duvivier, who made two such different and such admirable French films as *David Golder* and *Poil de Carotte*, has now turned his hand to something quite new: a stereotyped rattling drama of a Foreign Legion that is distinctive and exciting. Allowing for the appeal of another language which naturally transforms someone else's everyday commercial products into caviare at the Curzon or art at the Academy, a genuine glamour clings to *La Bandera*—or rather, let us say, appears for the first time in a film of this type. Duvivier naturally follows P. C. Wren's romantic notes on how to die with stiff and swollen upper lip in defence of a doubly alien tract of desert, but the heroics of his film are violent—exalted, if you wish—not sentimental, not a mere *beau geste*. He pays a glowing tribute to Spain's desperate little soldiers in the Riff, but—heroism, death, duty and all—the result is five times more just and sensible than, say, *Morocco*; and unlike that other picture in which Frl. Dietrich played the Devil and her director played the deuce with his Spanish background, it will appeal to the Madrid Government and to audiences everywhere as a dramatic and accurate film. There is so rarely even a semblance of reality about romance or local colour on the screen that such authenticity is positively startling; it shows here most clearly in the settings and acting—which makes the direction seem almost casual. With

camera and sunlight glancing down into the dank disreputable canyons of Barcelona slums, sweeping the arid highlands of the Riff, or simply focused on the whitewashed barrack buildings of the *tercio*, it carries, as a picture, incomparably stronger conviction than all the glittering sets of Hollywood can conjure up. As a play, too, it contains several forceful performances of impressive quality. Le Vigan's police spy-villain and Annabella's dusky *ingénue* may fall a little short of Jean Gabin's murderer (he looks like Albert Préjean and like McLaglen, and this French film is as good as *The Informer*), but Aimos, as his friend, and Pierre Renoir, as a sinister gallant Captain of the Legion, achieve the same high level of excellence. A film not to be missed.

Opera at Sadler's Wells

The policy at Sadler's Wells of performing operas outside the usual English repertory deserves, and we are glad to see is getting, public support. Already this season, for example, Miss Bayliss has given us performances of the original *Boris Godounov* (containing a lovely scene which has apparently never been heard on a London stage before), *Fra Diavolo*, *The Snow Maiden* and two one-act operas of Puccini, *Gianni Schicchi* and *Il Tabarro*. Their latest production, of Smetana's *The Bartered Bride*, reaches a high standard of acting and singing, and it is a delightful opera which one day no doubt will become as popular as *The Barber of Seville*. One is glad to see that the old tradition of shoddy dresses and stock scenery has completely disappeared: the peasants' hose is as gay and vivid as the music they dance to, and for the fair there is charming backcloth with a few distant roofs of marquees under a large expanse of pale blue sky. Much of the comedy is out of doors, and when the curtain goes up our first sensation—"It's a fine day!"—is exactly right. Mr. Powell Lloyd, as the booby, with turned-in toes and hair like flax on a pole, acted and sang—and stammered—well. The rest of the cast were good, and Miss Joan Cross, as the bride, sang excellently, though it is not a part in which she looks her best.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, December 6th—
Dramatic Society Performance of "The Laughing Woman," University College, Gower Street, 8. And on Dec. 9th and 10th.
Reception in honour of Professor Otto Schmidt (Leader of the Cheliuskin Arctic Expedition), Friends House, 8.15.
"A Royal Exchange," His Majesty's Theatre.

SATURDAY, December 7th—
Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.
National Week and Congress of Peace and Friendship with the U.S.S.R., Friends Meeting House and on Dec. 8th.
Rugby Football. Ireland *v.* New Zealand, Dublin.
International Folk Songs, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, December 8th—
Prof. J. G. Flugel on "Morals and Reality," Conway Hall, 11.
Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Furtwängler, Albert Hall, 3.
F. D. Klingender on "Marxism and London Architecture," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.
"Easter," Phoenix Theatre.
Capt. R. St. Barbe Baker on "Tree Magic," Kensington Club Arts Circle, Kensington Palace Mansions, De Vere Gardens, 9.
"These Mortals." Aldwych Theatre.

MONDAY, December 9th—
"Jazz Comedy," Everyman Cinema, Hampstead.
Courtauld-Sargent Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15. And on Dec. 10th.

TUESDAY, December 10th—
H. R. L. Sheppard on "The Peace Pledge: The Next Step," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Prof. G. E. G. Catlin on "The Treason of the Clerks," Conway Hall, 7.
Mrs. E. M. Lowe on "Education," Morley College, 8.
British Institute of Philosophical Studies. The Very Rev. W. R. Inge on "The Place of Myth in Philosophy," University College, Gower Street, 8.15.

WEDNESDAY, December 11th—
W. Winkworth on "Chinese Art," Morley College, 7.30.
Joseph Waldmann on "A German View of British Socialism," Conway Hall, 8.
B.B.C. Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, December 12th—
Gerald Heard on "Sanctions," Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 8.
S. C. R. "We Have Been to Russia" Social, Y.M.C.A. Drawing Room, 8.15.

FRIDAY, December 13th—
Birkbeck College Literary Society Performance of "Edward II," College Theatre, 8. And on Dec. 14th.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THREE large books of the highest literary interest have been produced practically simultaneously by Dr. H. W. Donner. They are *Thomas Lovell Beddoes : the Making of a Poet* (Blackwell, 18s.), *The Works of Beddoes* (Oxford, 25s.), *The Browning Box, or the Life and Works of Thomas Lovell Beddoes as reflected in Letters by his Friends and Admirers* (Oxford, 15s.) This avalanche of scholarship shows Beddoes in a new light ; we have always known the mountain was there, but we can now see its real contours though a large part of it is shrouded in perpetual mist. Dr. Donner has performed a great and lasting service by his complete edition of Beddoes' *Works*, which have never been properly presented before. To begin with he has printed, from Dykes Campbell's transcripts of Beddoes MSS. in the Browning Box (which was lost with all its contents), and from other sources a very large number of hitherto unpublished poems, dramatic fragments and contributions to German and Swiss newspapers. Most of these are individually of trifling importance, but collectively they assist very greatly in understanding the development of Beddoes ; some of them are of real intrinsic value. The most important feature of Dr. Donner's edition is a variorum edition of *Death's Jest-Book* with the complete text of the first and second versions and the parallel text of the enlarged first act. The importance of this is because the transcript of *Death's Jest-Book* for the press was made in 1829 while the enlarged first act was executed between 1838 and 1844. Beddoes introduced a great many of the lyrics and songs which he wrote in later years into the later versions of *Death's Jest-Book*, which served almost as a scrapbook of his work.

* * *

Dr. Donner has added fully as much to our knowledge of Beddoes in his biography, though here, as might be expected, there is more to criticise. Dr. Donner never hesitates to set down his own opinions. Thus Keats's remark that *Beauty is truth, truth beauty*, receives a lengthy reprimand :

> He did not realise that we create beauty for ourselves by attributing our own emotions to the external objects which caused them. To ascribe to it external reality reduces thought to a vicious circle. It is contrary to all rules of causation, for our emotions cannot create a new quality in anything outside ourselves. Convinced of the reality of his experience and knowing the expression he gave to it to be adequate, Keats concluded that the complex formed by the external object and his own emotional reaction to it, was the true perception of the fact itself. He did not know that by confusing knowledge and experience, his perception of reality became fallacious. To fact he added emotion, and this combination, generally perceived as beauty, he mistook for truth.

By making his point three times over, Dr. Donner convinces us that boredom is truth, truth boredom, a mistake which is far worse than Keats's. More tiresome is the following :

> Like many scandalous remarks in his early letters, the ruthlessness and bad taste of Beddoes' attacks in the *Volksblatt* on the Duke of Wellington, on the aristocracy and clergy are painful to recall.

Such expressions of praise and blame make it clear that he will not be sympathetic with Beddoes' revolutionary activities.

* * *

Beddoes was the son of the famous Dr. Beddoes who collaborated with James Watt and Sir Humphry Davy, and of a sister of Maria Edgeworth's. Dr. Beddoes had advanced ideas about education, as about everything else, and believed that children should be given sexual instruction at an early age—he suggested they should be shown a female frog containing spawn. Moreover, we are told that he never secluded himself for the purposes of study, but

> whether engaged in reading or composition, it was uniformly his wish that his wife and children should be in the same apartment.

On the strength of this Dr. Donner believes that " the later development of the poet suggests that his early toys may indeed have been the dissected organs of animals." It is true that in *Leopold* Beddoes speaks of a babe " who played with dead flesh as with a toy," and Dr. Donner recurs to the point several times and develops it at length :

> The ideas would be innumerable that would rise out of the memory of having as a child played with the dead limbs of a fellow being . . . there would then be no wonder at the hold death had on his imagination. His predilection for the horrible would be explained by the early familiarity . . . the sights which his father rightly foresaw would make an indelible impression on an infant mind, were responsible for the obsession which is best described as a ' skelcton complex.'

Moreover, Dr. Donner believes such memories

> would explain why Beddoes became the lonely man he was : he carried within him something that isolated him from his fellow beings.

This explanation seems to me extremely unlikely. In the first place, Dr. Beddoes, who died when the poet was five years old, is most unlikely to have dissected human remains in the bosom of his family. There is no evidence to suppose that he did and there are obvious reasons why Mrs. Beddoes should object even if her husband had no sanitary reasons against doing so. Secondly, Dr. Beddoes only advocated showing children dead animals—and Thomas can't have seen more of them than is familiar to every butcher's son. Thirdly, I see no reason why familiarity with dead animals, or corpses, should produce a skeleton complex, but rather the reverse. In considering the question we must not forget that it was the age of a literary obsession with skeletons. Not all the hundreds of writers who dealt in graveyards, premature burial, corpses, worms, ghosts and vampires can have wielded the scalpel at the age of five.

* * *

Dr. Donner tells us much that is new about Beddoes' life after he took up medicine and went to live abroad. He had always been a rebel and a great admirer of Shelley's, but his revolutionary activity was the result of his friendship with Bernard Reich, an Odessa Jew and a fellow medical student. The two friends shared lodgings and Reich went with Beddoes to Würzburg after the poet had been expelled from Göttingen for a drunken orgy after he had taken his degree. Würzburg was a centre of enlightenment and a hotbed of radicals who were eventually scattered, or imprisoned, by the Bavarian Government, and Beddoes was one of the first to be driven out. After this, European revolutionary politics were probably as great an interest as medicine, or poetry. Beddoes was always given to fits of enthusiasm and mad pranks. Such seems the true explanation of the famous occasion when he hired a theatrical company and a theatre at Zurich and produced one performance of *Henry IV* in German. Sir Edmund Gosse embroidered this story with the explanation that Beddoes wished to see his young friend, the baker boy, Degen, in the part of Hotspur. Actually Beddoes played Hotspur, the performance was given in 1837 and he did not meet Degen until 1845. Degen afterwards became an actor. The best account of European revolutionary activities in the 'forties is given by Herzen, and Herwegh, who was such a plague in the Herzen household, was a friend of Beddoes. Unfortunately, Herzen did not know him until after Beddoes' suicide.

* * *

The letters in the volume called *The Browning Box* are evidence of the great influence Beddoes had on all who knew him and of his extraordinary intellectual powers in every subject he took up. He mastered languages with wonderful facility and as a doctor had the greatest reputation with all his professors. Dr. Donner ranks his songs much higher than the rest of his poetry, but I agree with Mr. F. L. Lucas that " as a lyric poet Beddoes can be lovely, but it is in his verse dialogue that he shows his strength." The tragedy of Beddoes, as Dr. Donner realises, came from the divorce between Romantic poetry and the nineteenth-century stage. If Beddoes could have seen his plays acted and have learned by that experience, and have written with the stage in mind, he might have altered the whole direction of English literature, or at any rate of English poetry.

DAVID GARNETT

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CONVERSATION PIECE

WE took our seats at the table. There were seven of us.

It was at one of those taverns in Madrid. The moment we sat down Juliano, the little, hen-headed, red-lipped consumptive who was paying for the dinner and who laughed not with his mouth but by crinkling the skin round his eyes into scores of scratchy lines and showing his bony teeth—Juliano got up and said, "We are all badly placed." Fernando and Felix said, "No, we are not badly placed." And this started another argument shouting between the lot of us. We had been arguing all the way to the restaurant. The proprietor then offered the table in a different way. Unanimously we said "No," to settle the row; and when he brought the table and put it into place and laid a red and white check tablecloth on it, we sat down, stretched our legs and said, "Yes. A table is much better."

Before this we had called for Angel at his hotel. We shook his hand or slapped him on the back or embraced him and two hung on his arm as we walked down the street. "Ah, Angel, the rogue!" we said, giving him a squeeze. Our smooth Mediterranean Angel! "The uncle!" we said. "The old scoundrel." Angel smiled, lowering his black lashes in appreciation. Juliano gave him a prod in the ribs and asked him if he remembered after all these years that summer at Biarritz? When we had all been together? The only time we had all been together before? Juliano laughed by making his eyes wicked and expectant, like one Andalusian reminding another of the great joke they had had the day poor So-and-So fell down the stairs and broke his neck.

"The day you were nearly drowned," Juliano said.

Angel's complexion was the colour of white coffee, his hair, crinkled like a black fern, was parted in the middle, he was rich, soft-palmed and patient. He was the only well-dressed man among us, the suavest shouter. Now he sat next door but one to Juliano. Fernando was between them, Juan next to me and, at the end, Felix. They had put Caesar at the head of the table, because he was the oldest and the largest. Indeed at his age he found his weight tiring to the feet.

Caesar did not speak much. He gave his silent weight to the dinner, letting his head drop like someone falling asleep, and listening. To the noise we made his silence was a balance and he nodded all the time slowly, making everything true. Sometimes someone told some story about him and he listened to that, nodding and not disputing it.

But we were talking chiefly of that summer, the one when Angel (the old uncle!) had nearly been drowned. Then Juan, the stout, swarthy one, banged the table with his hairy hands and put on his horn-rimmed glasses. He was the smallest and most vehement of us, the one with the thickest neck and the deepest voice, his words like barrels rumbling in a cellar.

"Come on! Come on! Let's make up our minds! What are we going to eat? Eat! Eat!" he roared.

"Yes," we cried. "Drink! What are we going to drink?"

The proprietor, who was in his shirt sleeves and braces, said it was for us to decide. We could have anything we wanted. This started another argument. He stepped back a pace and put himself in an attitude of self-defence.

"Soup! Soup? Make up your minds about soup! Who wants soup?" bawled Juan.

"Red wine," some of us answered. And others: "Not red, white."

"Soup I said," shouted Juan. "Yes," we all shouted. "Soup."

"Ah," said Juan, shaking his head, in his slow miserable disappointed voice. "Nobody have any soup. I want some soup. Nobody soup," he said sadly to the proprietor.

Juliano was bouncing in his chair and saying, God he would never forget that summer when Angel was nearly drowned! When we had all been together. Juan said Felix had not been there and we had to straighten that matter out. Juliano said:

"They carried him on to the beach, our little Angel on to the beach. And the beach superintendent came through the crowd and said, 'What's happening?' 'Nothing,' we said. 'A man knocked out.' 'Knocked out?' said the beach superintendent. 'Nothing,' we said. 'Drowned!' A lot of people left the crowd and ran about over the beach saying, 'A man has been drowned.' 'Drowned,' said the beach superintendent. Angel was lying in the middle of them all, unconscious, with water pouring out of his mouth."

"No! NO!" shouted Fernando. "No. It wasn't like that."

"How do you mean, it wasn't like that?" cried Juliano. "I was there." He appealed to us. "I was there."

"Yes, you were there," we said.

"I *was* there. I was there bringing him in. You say it wasn't like that, but it was like that. We were all there." Juliano jumped protesting to his feet, flung back his coat from his defying chest. His waistcoat was very loose over his stomach, draughty.

"What happened was better than that," Fernando said.

"Ah," said Juliano, suddenly sitting down and grinning with his eyes at everyone, very pleased at his show.

"It was better," he said. "How better?"

Fernando was a man who waited for silence and his hour. Once getting possession of the conversation he never let it go, but held it in the long, soothing ecstasy of a pliable embrace. All day long he lay in bed in his room in Fuencarral with the shutters closed, recovering from the bout of the day before. He was preparing himself to appear in the evening, spruce, grey-haired and meaty under the deep black crescents of his eyebrows, his cheeks ripening like plums as the evening advanced, his blue eyes which got bloodshot early, becoming mistier. He was a man who ripened and moistened. He talked his way through dinner into the night, his voice loosening, his eyes misting, his walk becoming slower and stealthier, acting every sentence, as if he were swaying through the exalted phase of inebriation. But it was an inebriation purely verbal; an exaltation of dramatic moments, refinements upon situations; and hour after hour passed until the dawn found him sodden in his own anecdotes, like a fruit in rum.

"What happened was," Fernando said, "that I was in the sea. And after a while I discovered Angel was in the sea. As you know there is nothing more perilous than the sea, but with Angel in it the peril is tripled; and when I saw him I was preparing to get as far away as possible. But he was making faces in the water and soon he made such a face, so inhuman, so unnatural, I saw he was drowning. This did not surprise me for Angel is one of those men who when he is in the sea he drowns. There is some psychological antipathy. Now when I see a man drowning my instinct is to get away quickly. A man drowning is not a man. He is a lunatic. But a lunatic like Angel! But unfortunately he got me before I could get away. There he was," Fernando stood up and

raised his arm, confronting the proprietor of the restaurant, but staring right through that defensive man, "beating the water, diving, spluttering, choking, spitting, and, seeing he was drowning, for the man *was* drowning, caught hold of me, and we both went under. Angel was like a beast. He clung to me like seaweed. I, seeing this, awarded him a knock-out —zum—but as the tenacity of man increases with unconsciousness, Angel stuck to me like a limpet, and in saving myself there was no escape from saving him."

"That's true," said Angel, admiring his finger nails. And Caesar nodded his head up and down twice, which made it true.

Juan then swung round and called out, "Eat! Food! Let us order. Let us eat. We haven't ordered. We do nothing but talk, not eat. I want to eat."

"Yes, come on," said Felix. "Eat. What's the fish?"

"Eat," we all shouted.

"The fish," said the proprietor, "is bacalao."

"Yes," everyone cried. "Bacalao, a good bacalao, a very good one. No, it must be good. No. I can't eat it unless it's good, very good *and* very good."

"No," we said. "Not fish. We don't want it."

"Seven bacalaos then?" said the proprietor.

But Fernando was still on his feet.

"And the beach inspector said, 'What's his name and address and has he any identity papers?' 'Man,' I said, 'He's in his bathing dress. Where could he keep his papers?' And Juan said, 'Get a doctor. Don't stand there asking questions. Get a doctor.'"

"That's true," said Juan gloomily. "He wasn't dead."

"Get a doctor, that was it," Angel said.

"And they got a doctor and brought him round and got half the Bay of Biscay out of him, gallons of it. It astonished me that so much water could come out of a man."

"And then in the evening," Juliano leaped up and clipped the story out of Fernando's mouth. "Angel says to the proprietor of the hotel. . . ."

Juan's head had sunk to his chest. His hands were over his ears.

"Eat," he bawled in a voice of despair so final that we all stopped talking and gazed at him with astonishment for a few moments. Then in sadness he turned to me appealing. "Can't we eat? I am empty."

". . . said to the proprietor of the hotel," Fernando grabbed the tale back from Juliano, "who was rushing down the corridor with a face like a fish. 'I am the man who was drowned this morning.' And the proprietor who looked at Angel like a prawn, the proprietor said, 'M'sieu, whether you were drowned or not drowned this morning you are about to be roast. The hotel is on fire.'"

"That's right," we said. "The hotel was on fire."

"I remember," said Felix. "It began in the kitchen."

"How in the kitchen?"

This then became the argument.

"The first time ever I heard it was in the kitchen."

"But no," said Angel, softly rising to claim his life story for himself. Juliano clapped his hands and bounced with joy. "It was not like that."

"But we were all there, Angel," Fernando said, but Angel who spoke very rapidly said:

"No and no! And the proof of it is. What was I wearing?" He challenged all of us. We paused.

"Tripe," said Juan to me, hopelessly wagging his head. "You like tripe? They do it well. Here! Phist!" he called the proprietor through the din. "Have you tripe, a good Basque tripe? No? What a pity! Can you get me some? Here! Listen," he shouted to the rest of the table. "Tripe," he shouted, but they were engrossed in Angel.

"Pyjamas," Fernando said. "When you are in bed you wear your pyjamas."

"Exactly, and they were not my pyjamas."

"You say the fire was not in the kitchen," shouted Fernando, "because the pyjamas you were wearing were not yours!"

And we shouted back at Angel.

"They belonged to the Italian ambassador," said Angel, "the one who was with that beautiful Mexican girl."

Then Caesar, who, as I have said, was the oldest of us and sat at the head of the table, Caesar leaned his old big pale face forward and said in a hushed voice, putting out his hands like a blind man remembering:

"My God—but what a very beautiful woman she was," he said. "I remember her. I have never in my life," he said speaking all his words slowly and with grave concern, "seen such a beautiful woman."

Fernando and Angel, who had been standing, sat down. We all looked in awe at the huge, old-shouldered Caesar with his big pale face and the pockets under his little grey eyes, who was speaking of the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

"She was there all that summer," Caesar said. "She was no longer young." He leaned forward with his hands on the table. "What must she have been when she was young?"

A beach, the green sea dancing down white upon it, that Mexican woman walking over the floor of a restaurant, the warm white houses, the night glossy black like the toe of a patent shoe, her hair black. We tried to think how many years ago this was. Brought by his voice to silence us, she was already fading.

The proprietor took his opportunity in our silence. "The bacalao is done in the Basque fashion with peppers and potatoes. Bring a bacalao," he snapped to a youth in the kitchen.

Suddenly Juan brought his fists on the table, pushed back his chair and beat his chest with one fist and then the other. He swore in his enormous voice by his private parts.

"It's eleven o'clock. Eat! For God's sake. Fernando stands there talking and talking and no one listens to anybody. It is one of the evils of Spain. Someone stop him. Eat."

We all woke up and glared with the defiance of the bewildered, rejecting everything he said. Then what he said to us penetrated. A wave roared over us and we were with him. We agreed with what he said. We all stood up and, by our private parts, swore that he was right. It was one of the evils of Spain.

The soup arrived. White wine arrived.

"I didn't order soup," some shouted.

"I said 'Red wine,'" others said.

"It is a mistake," the proprietor said. "I'll take it away." An argument started about this.

"No," we said. "Leave it. We want it." And then we said the soup was bad, and the wine was bad and everything he brought was bad, but the proprietor said the soup was good and the wine was good and we said in the end it was good. We told the proprietor the restaurant was good, but he said not very good, indeed bad. And then we asked Angel to explain about the pyjamas.

V. S. PRITCHETT

TWO POEMS

THE LION

THE lion sits within his cage,
Weeping tears of ruby rage,
He licks his snout, the tears fall down,
And water dusty London Town.

He does not like you, little boy,
It's no use making up to him,
He does not like you any more
Than he likes nurse or Baby Jim.

Nor would you do if you were he
And he were you, for don't you see
God gave him lovely teeth and claws,
So that he might eat little boys.

Tommy Apple and his Adventures in Banana Land

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To be stolen for—or from—the nursery.

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JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

So that he might in anger slay
The little lambs that skip and play,
Pounce down upon their placid dams
And make dam's flesh to pad his hams.

So that he might
Appal the night
With crunching bones
And awful moans
Of antelope and buffalo.
And the unwary hunter, whose Hallo
Tells us his life is over here below,
There's none to help him fear inspired
Who shouts because his gun's misfired.

All this the lion sees and pants
Because he knows the hot sun slants
Between the rancid jungle grass
Which never more shall part to let him pass
Down to the jungle drinking hole
Whither the zebra comes with his sleek foal.

The sun by day is hot and has his swink,
And sops up sleepy lions' and tigers' stink.

But not this lion's stink poor carnivore,
He's on the shady shelf for ever more.

His claws are blunt, his teeth fall out,
No victim's flesh consoles his snout.

And that is why his eyes are red
Considering his talents are misused.

FEMININE CHARM

O NEVER girl beneath the skies of Italy,
Or maiden singing in the vales of Sicily,
Or matron carding wool in Thessaly,
Or skivvy washing up in Beverly,
Gave man such joy as Bessie, Bessie Leigh,
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh.

STEVIE SMITH

THE YOUNG ZOOPHILIST

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Tommy Apple. By JAMES LAVER and HENRY ROX. *Cape.* 5*s.*

Mr. Tootleoo and Co. By BERNARD AND ELINOR DARWIN. *Faber and Faber.* 5*s.*

Adventures of Mr. Horace Hedgehog. By PATRICIA B. ARDLEY and E. C. ARDLEY. *Collins.* 5*s.*

This Little Pig. By HELEN and ALF EVERS. *Ward.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Peter and Judy in Bunny Land. By ALISON UTTLEY. *Collins.* 5*s.*

Wise Owl's Story. By ALISON UTTLEY. *Collins.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Golden Touch, Mickey Mouse in Pigmy Land, Walt Disney's Nursery Stories. By WALT DISNEY. *Collins.* 2*s.* 6*d. each.*

The Tail of a Guinea Pig. By CICELY ENGLEFIELD. *Murray.* 2*s.*

The Oxford Annual for Baby. *Oxford University Press.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

My Little Farm Friends. By GILBERT COUSLAND. *Collins.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

If there is an animal not yet depicted in books for children I would gladly hear of it. Everything—penguins, mice, squirrels, guinea-pigs, pigs ordinary, owls, owlets, hedgehogs, pelicans, elephants, dormice, march-hares, armadilloes, every omnivorous and carnivorous species imaginable, arctic and equatorial, native and mythical—seems to have been exploited. The game even spreads, as games for children will, to grown-ups. So that even brewers make nonsense rhymes with toucans.

Hats off, therefore, to M. Jean de Brunhoff and Messrs. James Laver and Henry Rox. To the first for daring to take so old a favourite as the elephant and incidentally to make a classic out of him. To Messrs. Laver and Rox for forsaking the animal world for the vegetable, and making a hero out of an apple and a heroine out of a pear. If Babar sets a fashion, as I hope and think he will, and shows Mickey where he gets off, another Christmas may bring us a rhino roaring round the world in a Comet, just as Babar now sails serenely round it, spy-glass in trunk, in the most charming balloon that ever was. And if Tommy Apple gets famous, as he ought, we may yet have *Mixed Fruit Symphonies*, in colour and, Heaven knows, taste too perhaps, featuring Polly Pineapple and the Strawberry Sisters and the Ogre Onion, with mouth-curdling effects, and realistic raspberries rudely blown.

But homage first, and above all, to Jean de Brunhoff, for Babar. To those who already know *The Story of Babar*, published last Christmas, this serene, dignified, debonair elephant, bowler-hatted, green-suited, pink-shirted, needs no introduction. Nor will those who remember *Yacki*, to whom I took off many reverent hats last Christmas, be surprised to hear that Babar is French, as French as Yacki, but as universal as *Alice in Wonderland*. To those who are unfortunate enough not to know Babar I urge them, hand on parental heart, to buy, order, or make a note of, at once, at whatever cost, both last year's volume and *Babar's Travels*, this year's. And then, if that gets them worked up, of the already promised next year's, *Babar the King*. For Babar is, without any kind of doubt at all, a masterpiece, a knock-out. He goes one better, it seems to me, than Yacki. And, as I hope to show in a moment, he goes many better than Mickey, at least a Mickey on paper. Last year Babar was young, tender, tearful. He won us by helplessness, by youth, by the charm of his first green pantaloons. This year he is not only grown up, but married. He has advanced, broadened. A deeper student of the world's mysteries, ships, circuses, taxis, balloons, desert islands, cannibals, skis, aeroplanes, he has become more droll and more dignified, full of a captivating elephantine self-possession. See him in the balloon, with Celeste, honeymooning; on the desert island, washing his pants; in the circus, tragic, most pitiful, playing a diabolical cornet; in bed with Celeste at the old lady's, in a typically French bed, having early morning tea; and perhaps best of all as a general, leading his people against the infidel rhinos, doing a master-stroke of tactics by painting the backsides of many elephants to resemble the cannibals to whom he once almost fell a victim himself. All of it is masterly. The gay, vivid, sometimes slightly satirical details—since the book is clearly for others besides children—are perfectly done. And lest this should seem like the empty praise of a mere parent, let me add superbly effective too.

If Tommy Apple, or indeed Mr. Tootleoo, or Horace Hedgehog seem slightly tame after this it is only by comparison. Babar stands quite alone; world heavy-weight champion of the nursery series. Beside him the rest, however good, seem like fly-weight novices. But if Tommy Apple fails to prove a champion it will not be the fault of Messrs. Laver and Rox, who have turned him out in the pink of proper condition. To Mr. Rox, especially, many bouquets are due. Take a look at Pineapple, the horse, Sun Son Prince of the Blood; King Orange sitting on a throne of bananas; Lady Leek, Mr. Tomato, and Tommy himself, trying on his crown, defending the walls of the city. All these are something quite new in the child's world of books; and not only new but, it must be confessed, extremely refreshing in their fruitiness after a too liberal dose of animal pie.

So with Mr. Tootleoo, an old salt and also an old favourite. There may be a million rabbits, but only one Tootleoo: only one pig-tail like that strange jaunty comma of his, only one such belly, like some gigantic red-striped melon, only one purveyor of such nautical naughtiness. Tootleoo, as an able-bodied seaman, would stand about as much chance in the rigging as Babar would in the jungle of reality. All of which brings us to the question of the unreal in children's books, to the necessity of their being fantastic. There used to be an old teaser, designed to catch the ignorant and proud: "Do you read for pleasure or for profit?" It may be applied, though not put, to children. And there is only one answer. What shall it profit a child to be told that mice do not play pianos, but are rodents merely, that the elephant never rides in balloons, but is simply the largest non-marine mammal and that the difference between the African and Indian species is distinct but baffling, or that hedgehogs are never named Horace, but are simply medium-sized insectivores, nocturnal, rolling themselves up into spikey balls against attack? The man who tried to put this kind of thing over would be howled down. And rightly so.

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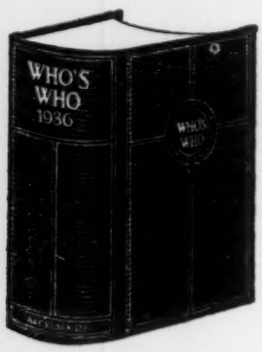
MACMILLAN

Thus Mr. Tootleoo, so pot-bellied that he would sink a boat if he sat in one end of it, always providing he wasn't too pot-bellied to get into it, is a hero. He belongs to that classic gallery of comics in which Weary Willie, Tired Tim and Pop-Eye are predominant: a gallery of disreputable outcasts who would be clapped into the nearest gaol if they existed in real life. But the child does not ask for real life. It asks for absurdity, improbability: Mickey playing the giddy goat, Babar in a balloon, or Helen and Alf Ewer's tale of a little pig who had a curly tail and longed and prayed and schemed for it to be straight, and at last was rewarded, with the result that nobody loved the straight tail, everybody hated it. Except the little pig: who simply loved it. Or another tail: Miss Englefield's *Tail of a Guinea Pig*. Whoever heard of a guinea pig that had a tail? Whoever, in the language of the Black Crows, heard of that? Or a guinea-pig with a banjo, or a rabbit on roller-skates? Impossible—delightful. At half a crown and two shillings this little pig and these guinea pigs are dirt cheap. The pig has no name; he is the eternal little pig of the eternal rhyme. The guinea pigs have: and Clara and Charles are quite as good as their names.

Miss Uttley's two books succeed in the same way. The wise owl who is a bibliophile, the rabbits in yellow breeches and scarlet aprons and torquise coats, are figures of absurd delight. I take off a third hat also to Miss Young for her illustrations to *Peter and Judy*. No half tones here, or shades belonging more to Victorian antimacassars than books, but a liberal splashing on of spring colour, gay as enamel, with one picture, the rabbits' circus, that in its small way rivals Babar. Miss Young should, with all respect to Miss Uttley, dissolve partnership, and produce her own book, telling the tale by her own gay pictures.

For, again with all respect to those who are responsible for the words of all the books in this list, what goes straight to the child's heart is not the print but the colour. To the child print is a secondary thing—often a boring thing—until it can read for itself. Disney sees this, and makes his symphonies coloured now, and has colour daubed all over *The Golden Touch* and *Nursery Rhymes* and *Mickey in Pigmy Land*. But all, sadly, without avail. For—heresy though it may be, even for a Disney fan—Mickey on paper is a colossal flop. All the colour and print in the world will not atone for the loss of movement. A static Mickey, as he appears here, is a Mickey as good as dead in a trap. What child, seeing Mickey here on paper for the first time, would weep to be taken to a bookseller as one child once wept to be taken to the pictures, its distracted parent holding trap-caught mouse in hand, saying to the box-office girl: "One and a half, please. In the trap this morning. I've got to convince him it isn't Mickey!" Similarly *The Golden Touch* has lost both its gold and its touch, leaving us only an emptiness of cheap print and paper. I hate to say it: but life subscriptions to zoological societies would seem better presents than Disney on paper.

Finally, after the solid, untearable Oxford annual—now, I imagine, frowned upon by psychologists—Mr. Gilbert Cousland. After the fantastic, the photographic—the best possible pictures of real animals and real life, good beyond all hope of criticism. The calves, the dairy, the small boy with his rabbits, the black pigs at the swill-trough, the horses; the perfection of them all conceals and reveals endlesss patience, sympathy, understanding and love. In the realm of reality Mr. Gilbert Cousland stands just about as high as Babar in the realm of fantasy. And if there were a higher compliment than that I would gladly pay it. Hats off, then, and finally, to Mr. Cousland H. E. BATES



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Picture Tales from Many Lands. By VALERY CARRICK. *Blackwell.* 5s.

Fowl and Fishy Rhymes. By K. A. STANLEY. Illustrated by D. FREEMAN. *Dent.* 5s.

"Keep close! Don't get lost in the crowd! And make up your minds that you know what you want!" This is what I call by instinct to the little brood of tastes and opinions clinging round me, as we step into the confusion of the Christmas market. I am beset, in fact, by a sort of panic, but it soon dies down as I find myself applying the infallible test: to which child I know shall I give *this* book? and—would I, on any account, give any child I know *that* one? I find that the books I mean to give away are those I'd like to keep myself; and this year the two I'd like to keep are *Mary Poppins Comes Back*, by P. L. Travers, and Karin Michaelis's *The Green Island*, Rose Fyleman's translation of which couldn't be bettered.

It is an exciting book, about something almost incredible, told with such serious vitality that you cannot doubt it. An island peasant community wakes up one morning to find itself apparently the last remaining land-above-water in the world. The discovery is made by Torben, the boy-hero of all that follows. The story is not only an adventure, it is the lesson taught by a common disaster, in which all must work and share alike if any is to be saved. This may sound dull; the book is anything but that because, in the inevitable change of values brought about by the catastrophe, the turn of events is always energetic, the clash of character interesting, and the perils only to be conquered by combined effort are thrilling. The problems of this large-scale shipwreck are not: How shall we form ourselves into a community, and create materials for existence? but How shall we *re*-form ourselves into a community, and what shall we do with our existing possessions? There is a sharp difference between these two problems, which sound so similar; and *The Green Island* is a book which may open a child's eyes unexpectedly, while he is enjoying himself hugely.

"She was back again—that was all that mattered." Having missed the first book to which Mary Poppins has given her name, I did not know how much her come-back mattered till I had read her sequel. I agree with Jane and Michael and John and Barbara Banks that it matters a good deal. Yet she is the tartest nursemaid children were ever blessed with; cross and conceited, icy and peppery, a tyrant and a tartar, *and she tells fibs* (don't let her hear me say so!). But where Mary Poppins is, topsy-turvydom sets in, she has peculiar understandings with birds and the stars, and if

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she is as prickly as a hedgehog, who isn't partial to hedgehogs? Where she comes from and and how she goes are among "the things about Mary Poppins one never understands." But what matter?——she's back again—and I could almost implore her creator not to fail to bring her back a third time (lest a treat be missed), and on no account to do so (lest a treat be spoiled). You see how contradictory Miss Poppins makes even her reviewer. By the way, her illustrator, Mary Shephard, has drawn a portrait worthy of her.

Stella Gibbons understands to a nicety patterns in books. Once she took one for adults out of stock, and destroyed it for ever with laughter. Now she has taken one for children, also out of stock, and surprisingly, merely repeats it. She repeats it very nicely, for she couldn't write badly—unless she tried. I like her for *not* trying to do something "different" in *The Untidy Gnome*, yet, perversely, am disappointed because she hasn't managed to. The elements of her tale are so unexpectedly orthodox: Scandinavia, a woodcutter called Peter, children called Gerda and Kay, gnomes, glowworms, and little girls stolen away—pleasant echoes in place of the original voice. I hoped to be surprised a little more. The pictures by William Townsend are delightful.

F. W. Hickey's elements are more individual. Alice and James (a charming couple) are suddenly sent on a holiday to an unknown Great-aunt Julia in Lisshane, where *The Wonderful Adventure* took place. On the journey they guess how many donkeys they will spot from the train window; James guessed a thousand and Alice ninety-nine—and that's the sort of children *they* were. As for Great-aunt Julia: "You have the run of the place now, do what you like in it"—that's the sort of Great-aunt *she* was. Alice and James did what they liked, and a lot of things they wouldn't have liked at all at all, if their appetite for novelty hadn't been so keen. My only quarrel with this fresh and inventive story concerns the sophisticated house-party the kids trip up on in a place called Shangally. You can't keep Bloomsbury out of Ireland, but you ought to keep it out of a book about Alice and James.

Emil has his imitators, but not yet his equals. *Bill of the Black Hand* also comes to us from the Continent; Bill, too, is a small boy flung into sensational grown-up circumstances; he, too, has at his back a gang of all the small boys in his town. What he hasn't is the sense of danger and triumph, and of real boy-psychology, which makes Emil irresistible. An American Cigarette-King requires a European Advertisement-King to run his two new cigarettes, TIT and TAT. Bill competes with one Popovitch for the job, and wins on points in the last round. His tricks move with the rapidity of a film played twice too fast. You come out of the cinema feeling you've not quite had your money's-worth, and have been shown a scenario instead of a story.

Valery Carrick really knows what is suitable for the quite young: where to look for animal tales and fables, what to choose, how to relate them (though Uncle Remus's version of the rabbit in the briar-bush wins in a canter), and how to supply them with a number of good clear drawings. I can pick up Valery Carrick's book any Christmas, and enjoy it, which is quite as it should be.

Fowl and Fishy Rhymes "by K. A. Stanley, illustrated by D. Freeman" reads the wrong way round. It should run "Fowl and Fishy Pictures by D. Freeman, rhymed by K. A. Stanley," for it is the unusual quality of the artist's work, not the writer's, which gives this book its value. These collaborators are a combination, but not a blend. Children will like the light and unpretentious jingles more than I do; I hope they will like the elaborate pictures as much.

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Adam's Fifth Rib. By JOHN EVERARD. *Chapman and Hall.* 12s. 6d.

This Man's Father. By N. CARRINGTON and J. RAE. *Oxford University Press.* 7s. 6d.

The Face of Mother India. By KATHERINE MAYO. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

People in China. By ELLEN THORBECKE. *Harrap.* 15s.

Aircraft. By LE CORBUSIER. *Studio.* 5s.

Flight. By AGNES ROGERS. *Harpers.* 7s. 6d.

The Beauty of Skating. By DR. MANFRED CURRY. *John Miles.* 15s.

Just as the general standard of films is higher than that of plays, photographs on the whole make more entertaining illustrations than drawings do. In each case the camera, though it cannot compete with the good artist, is far preferable to the ordinary practitioner. And in so far as giving accurate information is concerned, the draughtsman is now obsolete, except for certain specialised subjects like anatomy. On the other hand, some photographs have a beauty analogous, but never I think identical, with that of works of art. Here is a mixed bag of contemporary photographic work.

The English Country House is much more than a book of photographs. Mr. Ralph Dutton brings learning and enthusiasm to his subject, and the resulting book is one which anyone would be glad to own. Mr. Osbert Sitwell writes a most amusing and characteristic foreword, and there are over a hundred and thirty photographs. The wealth of lovely houses in England is overwhelming, and this anthology of them is made with the nicest taste. Mr. Dutton has included nothing contemporary, and, alas, in this he has probably been wise. A style which is neither imitative nor unsuitable to our climate and landscape has not yet been found. Many of the quotations in the book are particularly interesting, and altogether it makes an ideal present.

The Legacy of England contains 115 photographs and a series of essays. Edmund Blunden writes on The Landscape, Adrian Bell on The Farm, Charles Bradley Ford on The Village, G. M. Young on The Country House, R. H. Mottram on The Country Town, George Birmingham on The Country Church, Ivor Brown on The Inn, and Bernard Darwin on Sport in the Country. A remarkably good team. The photographs in this book, and in Mr. Dutton's, are particularly well reproduced

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The English Countryside is a collection of English landscapes calculated to bring death from nostalgia to any Englishman marooned below the eucalyptus of Australia or the mahogany of Honduras. If one lives in England, it is evidently less stimulating, like a quotidian face on the other side of the breakfast-table. It will show the bungalow-builders and the War Office and the Admiralty a few new sites particularly well suited to their sadistic purposes.

Sea-gulls in London will be very useful to those who wish to identify the various species to be seen on the Embankment, and contains a lot of information about birdish habits. The photographs are not very well reproduced.

Those in *Nature in the Wild*, on the other hand, are remarkably well printed, though it is quite a cheap book. I cannot imagine anyone not blind who would not be fascinated by these astonishing shots of leopards and giraffes and seals and koalas and other beasts and above all by the miraculously beautiful birds in flight. This goes in the first rank of Christmas books.

So does *Art Forms in Nature*, which is a cheaper reprint of a book which cost two guineas. It is hardly less well printed than the original. The photographs are of parts of plants, magnified anything from three to twenty-five times. The microscopic camera has here revealed natural forms curiously resembling objects of applied art. German ironwork of the late Gothic period seems the favourite inspiration of Dame Nature, but sometimes less flamboyant models are preferred. This is a fascinating book, and the "artificial" forms which it reveals are a reminder that man and his works are a part of Nature, though he has the prerogative of giving to his products a variety unknown to any other species.

Far greater magnification is used in *World Beneath the Microscope*, which reveals the tongues of snails, the feet of spiders, the pollen of hollyhocks, shells so small that twenty would go on a pin's head, and amoebas to be shapes of extraordinary and delicate loveliness. A fascinating book.

Adam's Fifth Rib is a collection of nude photographic studies of women. The models are remarkably beautiful, but in most cases their poses are odiously unnatural. The photographer seems to confuse the artistic with the arty, and to have been influenced by the worst sort of Royal Academic painting. Those who like the title of the book will probably like the photographs it contains.

This Man's Father is a most entertaining collection of old photographs showing various Victorian activities, with modern photographs opposite them showing similar scenes to-day. An excellent idea, for the contrasts are very illuminating. Unluckily the reproductions are inadequate, and what should have been a first-class book gets only a pass degree.

In *Mother India* Miss Katharine Mayo described facts which needed showing up, though the general effect was unfair. She has now produced some four hundred photographs of India, a due proportion of them being calculated to inspire disgust with Hinduism and enthusiasm for the Raj. One can only thank whatever powers there be for making Miss Mayo an American: if unpleasant things are to be said about India, it is not for the British to say them. Miss Mayo is, apparently, not interested in the sweated labour of the great industrial areas, but she is strong on cruelty to animals. Whether the bleating kids of Benares are a more pitiful spectacle than the stockyards of Chicago can be judged only by those who have seen both, but Miss Mayo can justly answer by a comparison of the motives for slaughter. The Indians kill to please God, the Americans to increase the number of millionaires in Chicago—evidently a far more honourable purpose. In her book there are many beautiful and highly interesting photographs. Unfortunately they are abominably reproduced. Another potentially good book gone West.

People in China contains thirty-two excellent (and excellently reproduced) photographs of Chinese types, with notes on what they represent. They are the work of a lady whose husband was Netherlands Minister to China, and she writes with great sympathy of her late hosts. A specially nice book.

Corbusier is probably the most distinguished of contemporary architects, and it is well known that he has been profoundly influenced by the clean mathematical streamlined forms of ships and aircraft. His architectural style is apt to be a little Calvinistic, but as a writer he is flamboyantly rhetorical. There are stimulating ideas in the text of his *Aircraft*, but the photographs he has chosen are more telling than his phrases. Many of the air views of landscape make lovely and surprising patterns.

The photographs in *Flight* are muzzily printed compared with those in *Aircraft*, and the book is intended rather for the American schoolboy than for the European aesthete. It contains a lot of very interesting information.

"The Beauty of Skating" is in the movement. The stills collected under this title are therefore apt to be rather disappointing except to people particularly interested in the subject. There are, however, some beautiful examples of poise here caught by the camera

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In *Sports Stories for Girls* there are several gripping yarns, the best being perhaps *Gloria's Secret*, *Amy's Mix-up*, *Doreen's Ride*, *Gertie's Glider*, and the *Rivals of the Raquet*. In the last named there is a splendid pen-picture of the tennis-final for the Chalfont Cup (missing from its case in Big Hall) between the head girl Monica Warren and Rita Frazer, who had just won a scholarship to Girton.

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"Whang!"

It was the first ball of the set, and on the return it banged from Monica's racquet just inside the base line, an unplayable shot.

But Rita does not lose her head.

She stayed back at base and let the high balls bounce. She ran in to the short ones and lobbed them back. In a word, she was all over the court, showing amazing speed and endurance.

And so to the closing moments of the match.

Rita was on it like a flash. Whizz! . . . The next shot went like a streak—*ping*! And the next *Ping*!

Small wonder that after all that excitement poor Monica spent the night walking in her sleep round the school, returning the lost cup to its case, watched by the Headmistress, a Miss Dacres, "all in black marocain."

In *The Lower School Leader* Miss Veronica Marlow has not hesitated to make full use of realism, and the scene where a stubborn junior called Margaret refuses to eat up her gristle is strangely powerful.

"But that's all gristle!" protested the junior, "really it is."

"Nonsense. Eat it up at once. There is nothing put before you in this school that is not entirely digestible," snapped Miss Buckett. . . .

But Margaret did not move, nor did she try to eat it.

"If you want me to be sick, I will," she said, defiantly, "but it's just cruelty to animals."

This seemed to enrage Miss Buckett. . . . "Take her out, please," ordered Miss Buckett; and immediately two prefects left their places and more or less dragged the junior by brute force off her chair and out of the dining-room.

In the same story there is a good account of the staff lacrosse match.

. . . already, filling the entire gap between the posts stood Miss Bellaby, the heavyweight music mistress. . . . There could be no getting past Miss Bellaby unless the ball went right through her. . . . Miss Salt, the Oak House matron, still smelling strongly of lysol . . . three of the younger mistresses just down from the 'Varsity . . . and out came a battery of cameras to take "snaps" of them in their glory.

And finally comes Miss Buckett herself, with an umbrella, though the sun did not look like going in.

The Head Girl at Wynford introduces us to a charming school, indeed, as a visiting hockey player remarks:

"I never come over here but I envy you," said Myra Jarvis, the Bingston Captain. . . .

"Why?" asked Betty, as they walked across the middle field.

"Your topping grounds! Your marvellous old school!"

But in spite of the scrumptious surroundings there are the usual upsets.

"I don't know what you are talking about," Edmée observed coldly, and turned away.

Petronel looked after her. "Pig!" she said, under her breath.

Similar verbal resource is shown by a Girl Guide, Joe Hamilton, in *The Island Camp*. Even when imprisoned in a sea-going barge she does not for a second lose her head.

Osterhaardt took a step forward into the cabin, and Joe squared her shoulders and stood erect. From the scanty stock of her schoolgirl French she recalled one word, and she hurled it defiantly:

"Cochon!"

Osterhaardt glared at her.

Miss Dorita Fairlie Bruce in *Nancy in the Sixth* excels in her choice of names. There are Desdemona Blackett, Geraldine Judkins, Ryllis Rutherford and Clemency Walton. The heroine, Nancy Caird, who is a ripping bat, is unable to get to the all-important match against the Lady Forresters.

Seated on the bank beside the useless bicycle, Nancy fumbled in the tool-bag, and one or two involuntary tears splashed in upon spanner and screwdriver before she was able to get to work with the flabby tyre.

Nancy is ambitious to win the Woodford-Leigh Organ Scholarship, but there are difficulties.

"That's what I thought!" burst out the organ-master explosively, "but I didn't want to make any ill-founded accusations. When I asked Mrs. Paterson as a very special favour to allow you to use her organ, I gave her an undertaking—a solemn undertaking—that neither of you would do it any damage. I told her that you could be trusted—you were not beginners; I practically pledged my honour that no harm would come to her instrument—and what has happened? This morning I get this note from her to say that she could hardly get through the morning service yesterday, because some of her most important stops were completely out of action!"

I mention last *The School at the Turrets*, the work of Miss Angela Brazil, who is a very old hand at this type of tale. She has given us a bustling story of Saint Githa's School in which the adventures are credible and the characters human beings. And what is more, she avoids the more disastrous schoolgirl slang. In the whole book I could find neither "spiffing," "scrumptious," nor "topping," and only one "Bosh!"

Three of the above books bear the noble imprint of the Oxford University Press. *Il faut*, no doubt, *vivre*. But would it be impossible to provide schoolgirls with stories equally interesting and a little less obstreperous?

ARTHUR MARSHALL

Grey Owl's Film Lectures at the Regent St. Polytechnic, Dec. 17th to 28th.

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The Children's Hour Annual. Edited by "UNCLE MAC" of the B.B.C. *Hutchinson.* 3s. 6d.

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Working Models and How to Make them. Edited by F. J. CAMM. *Newnes.* 3s. 6d.

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COBDEN-SANDERSON

ment of the aeroplane, of how past problems have been solved and how those which have not yet been solved are being tackled. It is written intelligently, clearly and with a very pleasant note of humour.

> It is an utter impossibility to portray accurately a round world on a flat piece of paper. Several people have tried and we are indebted to them for maps and charts which are in general use.

The book is written for boys of fourteen and upwards. It will not be much good for children under eleven.

The New Book of the Air contains some interesting stuff about the work of a test pilot by Flight-Lieutenant Schofield, but is chiefly made up of a number of rather pernicious stories about pirate airships, spies and air-fighting. Machine-guns tend to be standard equipment, and a high proportion of flights end in parachute jumps. Definitely not recommended.

Flight is a collection of photographs of aeroplanes, etc., with text and is primarily designed for the American public. The photographs are not very interesting or very well reproduced. It is a great pity that some alleged air-fighting, for the authenticity of which no evidence has ever been produced, should have been included. The collection from which these were taken was subjected to very damaging criticism in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and elsewhere, by experts. Since no evidence that the photographs were genuine was produced, it is regrettable that they should be given further currency.

The value of *The Wonder Book of Tell Me Why* depends on the answers being adequate and true rather than on their being wonderful. The scrappy incomplete answer is a nuisance to an intelligent child, while it may be fatally bad for one who readily accepts wordy explanations which tell it nothing. In answer to *How a Bird Flies* we are told: "With its wings the bird propels itself through the air," and that: "A bird looks like a boat with a breastbone for a keel, and if we think of the air as in some way like the water, we shall see how this keel helps the bird." One sees nothing of the sort, since the breastbone of a bird does not function like the keel of a boat. If the breastbone is going to be dragged in, one should be told that it provides a rigid and lengthened frame for the attachment of the enormous pectoral muscles required. However, it is not much good complaining of a failure to explain a bird's flight in terms of boats when the explanation of *How ships sail against the wind* is even more pitiful. The boat's keel is not even mentioned here, though it is essential for the explanation, since a boat cannot sail into wind without a keel. The first thing we are told in answer to *What is a mongoose?* is: "We call it a mongoose to-day, but the ancient Egyptians, who thought it a sacred animal, called it the ichneumon." Not unless they were talking Greek. This Wonder Book gets bad marks all round.

The Children's Hour Annual is a very mixed bag contributed by broadcasters in the Children's Hour. L. du Garde Peach's *The Swan of Avon* is a little play with W.S. as a boy and Sir Thomas Lucy tumbling into the River Avon in pursuit of him. Lieutenant-Commander Gould gives an account of the Loch Ness monster, while Flight-Lieutenant Shaw gives the detailed story of his attempt in the Melbourne air race, which landed him in Spain on the first day and came to an end when he broke his undercarriage at Bushire.

Marvels of Modern Science ought, perhaps, to have been called marvels of modern mechanism. Of these we are given a rather random selection, but they are not badly described. The illustrations are definitely not as good as the text. A section called New Ideas in Aircraft includes a photograph of a machine with, apparently, seven superposed planes labelled *A helicopter type of aeroplane*. There is no trace of helicopter visible. There are other nightmarish illustrations to the same article. But the accounts are on the whole adequate, though they are not always told in very simple language.

Working Models and How to Make Them and *Hobbies New Annual* are also both edited by F. J. Camm, and are both books which are certain to interest mechanically minded children, and they can both be recommended strongly. Books like this which give practical advice about tackling small jobs are worth far more as education than books which pretend to give scientific explanations and fail to do so, or hand out vague words instead of ideas.

The Modern Book of Railways gives an interesting but superficial survey of the railway engines and trains used in this country and abroad. It is not, however, very up to date, as there is no photograph nor mention of the L.N.E.R. train, "The Silver Link"—the best-looking of our trains and the most comfortable.

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Fourteen presents to give—chocolates, as usual, to Mary, handkerchiefs to Max, flowers to Maisie, and so round one shop after another, and then the usual letters back: "The chocolates are quite delicious," "One can never have too many handkerchiefs,"

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"Darling Roger, your flowers are simply too hot-house!" No! Books this year, the whole horde of relations and friends wiped off in a visit to one shop. And they shall be picture-books—some of my relations do not know how to read.

My godfather, first of all, and worst, because he has to have an expensive present, being so rich that he can afford to buy anything in the world himself. Here is Mr. Hind's *History of Woodcut*, just the thing for a collector, authoritative, magnificently illustrated, packed with the detailed information which is the basis of *expertise*. Every woodcut made in any country in the fifteenth century seems to be mentioned here. The Germans are, of course, the most numerous and famous, but the Italians are the most beautiful. This is a very handsome book, the pages of which it is a pleasure to turn.

Uncle Marmaduke is another collector—finely printed books are his *lubie*. Mr. Poortenaar's book will do for him. It contains a mass of information, and a lot of illustrations. The examples of modern illustration chosen are in very poor taste, but they are in my uncle's taste, so that won't matter.

Aunt Molly is devout, and also very fond of what she calls "dear Florence," meaning the city, and Mr. Hutton's anthology of Italian paintings is just the book for her. She will find in it very well reproduced old favourites like the Fra Angelicos from dear San Marco, and also works with which she is not familiar, like the Feti *Parables* from the galleries of Central Europe. Underneath Lelio Orsi's picture of the Road to Emmaus, Mr. Hutton gives a quotation from St. Luke in a new version presumably invented by himself. Otherwise his taste is excellent, and the book is remarkably cheap.

Mark is a painter, very young, so he probably prefers Dali to Matisse, but here is the book I shall give him. Roger Fry's essay on Matisse, published previously in an expensive limited edition, now reappears with three coloured plates and sixty half-tone reproductions. The great decoration, *The Dance*, painted for the Barnes Foundation, is given us in colours—very surprising colours which I suspect to be thoroughly untruthful. It is a superb design. Evidently Matisse, who is the most successful experimenter in colour since Veronese, loses terribly in reproduction. But he is also a master of design in light and shade, and this book will attract every one interested in contemporary painting. Professor Fry's essay is characteristic and most stimulating.

My cousin Mary is also by way of being interested in art, and she will like the book of Mr. Brodzky's drawings to leave about in her drawing-room. They are skilful, fluent, rather facile, influenced apparently by Gaudier-Brzeska, who was an intimate friend, and also by Matisse. Mr. Laver in his introduction makes some interesting remarks about the reason why artists are usually more interested in female than in male nudes.

Max is not a relation, but a friend, so he shall have a book which I should like for myself, *The London Spectacle*, 1935. Mr. Topolski is a "sledded Polack" with a most charming and witty gift for satirical illustration. He was here for the Jubilee, and the sketches he made during that glorious beano will enable generations of future historians to get a notion of what it was like. I wish some London paper would persuade Mr. Topolski to remain in London—a running commentary from his hand on our doings would be instructive and amusing. Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis writes some lively comments on the subjects of these drawings, and altogether this book deserves three stars as a Christmas present.

Monty is also a friend, and he will like Mr. Bellew's *Point of View*. These are rude drawings in the *New Yorker* manner, with very funny captions. I shall also give him Ian Fenwick's *Bed Book*, which has a joke in it so broad that I could hardly believe my eyes. Mr. Fenwick is definitely *Scuola di Pietro Arno*, but his drawing is not so good as his ideas. If you are a guest for Christmas take these books with you. They show that America may save Europe by her example, so far as humour is concerned.

What America must save Europe from is shown by Mr. Armour's book of funny drawings. These are the purest distillation of *Punch*—people on horses, probably one person no longer on a horse, and underneath some scrumptious joke about ignorance of hunting etiquette. This book will not do for any of my friends, or even for any of my surviving relations. Perhaps I might send it to Mr. Herbert, who was so surprised last week that David Garnett did not regularly read *Punch*.

The three Jameses, Boswell, Fitton and Holland, have collected some of their satirical drawings in the form of an engagement-book. They are almost as far from Peter Arno as from *Punch*. I doubt if anyone will have the nerve to use this book for engagements. Opposite drawings of starving people one might perhaps write "8.30 Anti-Fascist demonstration," but one could not put any more frivolous sort of date. The book makes very effective political propaganda, and I shall give it to my niece Margaret, who is a Communist. (The converted are the only people who enjoy being preached to.) Many of the drawings are distinctly Grosz; in fact so much so that the subjects often look too German to be convincing caricatures of the English. But they have a lot of punch, without a capital P.

My brother-in-law Milton (yes, that is his Christian name, he is an American) shall have *Hunting Countries*, because he brings to the Meynell, the Pytchley and the Quorn an enthusiasm so blinding that any book on hunting will delight him. The text of this book seems to my ignorant eyes authoritative, and the illustrations, scratchy drawings and ladylike water-colours, are probably just what he likes best.

My twin aunts, Mariette and Marianne, being cynolaters, shall have *Tail Waggers* and *All Dogs*. The latter book has drawings of each of the eighty-five breeds of dog admitted by the Kennel Club. The former has twenty-six etchings, also of dogs' heads. I think myself that photographs would be even more satisfactory, but these illustrations are almost photographic. The text in each case is the work of an expert.

Though Maisie is more interested in clothes than in books (she was elaborately "finished," but never taught to read) she must enjoy *Elegant Modes in the Nineteenth Century*, because of its charming and admirably reproduced illustrations of Victorian fashions. The text, if only she could read it, contains a mass of information and some very entertaining anecdotes.

Great Uncle Matthew is a New Englander who deserted New York for Cheyne Walk and the Rue de l'Université about the same time as Henry James. He hates everything modern, and is likely to like *Magical City*, because the drawings are old-fashioned in style and concentrate rather on the vestiges of old New York than on the titanic obelisk-shaped towers which we find so dazzling.

I hope that in return I shall receive books equally well chosen. I fear I shall get several illustrated editions of *Omar Khayyam*, a volume of Wilhelmina Stitch, and perhaps *The Humour of Galsworthy*. If only they would send me Book Tokens!

ROGER MARVELL

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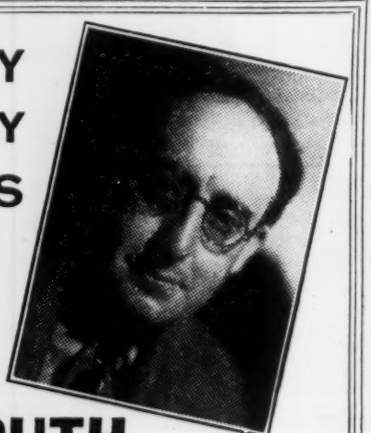

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"Most children are fed up with the war and the inclination (amongst its survivors) to treat it as a matter of significance. I sympathise with them; the last war is always a bore for the next generation." This remark, of the late T. E. Lawrence to Mr. Kiernan when he was writing a life of Lawrence for boys, seems to me mistaken. Children may be bored with talk about the last war, but they are not bored by books about war or any other kind of violence. Children are, in fact, the real conservatives, the incurable diehards, the natural militarists and Bourbons of any nation. Mr. Francis Brett Young, in an introduction to his excellent omnibus collection of boys' stories, expresses the fear that the work of writers like Stevenson, Ballantyne, Jack London and Mayne Reid—to take names at random from a list of over forty authors—may seem old-fashioned to boys who have grown up in a world where the scope of romantic adventure has diminished, but one has only to turn to Mr. Donald Ross's collection of thrillers to see that the up-to-date writer has merely introduced new gadgets into old plots. The aeroplane alone has rejuvenated a whole world of sensational adventure at the very moment when the last coral island had been made safe for tourists. If one were to generalise about these two collections one might say that Mr. Brett Young's romantic literature has become a literature for a race of electricians and mechanics. To be quick on the self-starter has become a greater virtue than quickness on the trigger. The stories have become almost purely sensational and there has been a marked decline in characterisation. The dialogue has added the talkie vernacular to Fifth Form facetiousness:

"Nombre de dios! Sic transit McLeod."

"Sic transit my left leg. You gotta nother guess comin', General."

But probably the generalisation is unjustified. Mr. Donald Ross's book is the thrilling, featureless stuff of the *Chums* kind, which always bored me:

"With a rending, tearing crash the iron monster hit the racing car," or:

"With a strange, uncanny, whining howl he leaped into the abyss;"

while Mr. Brett Young gives one a thousand pages of the cream of a century's writing.

For me crime, thrills and bloody murder were nearly always boring because incredible. They became credible only when some attempt had been made to temper them with atmosphere and character, such as one got in *Quentin Durward*, *Oliver Twist* or *Tom Sawyer*, for example. This is where *Sinbad* is streets ahead of boys' writers. I do not believe that the most gadget-minded child could find his book of pirates dull. It is good, strong realistic history and his Campeche Bay buccaneers are historical figures very much alive: "Bartholomew Roberts did not read prayers like Sawkins before attacking his prey, but he mixed a kindly, almost benevolent, manner of speech with the most ferocious brutality." Boys like these distinctions. There is a good account of Morgan in this book and "Sinbad" writes about these really villainous people in an adult fashion. There is no cardboard glamour. His book is easily the best on this list.

Mr. Kiernan's *Lawrence* has the advantage of presenting the campaign in Arabia with a simplicity which those who have given up trying to follow Lawrence's own necessarily more intricate narrative will approve, and it is obviously one of the best popular books on Lawrence.

Standish of the Air Police and *The Call of the Sea* are both from the hand of the prolific Mr. Percy F. Westerman, standardised articles with the minimum of character and the maximum of excitement and suspense. I am not sure that the sudden and almost unexplained white-washing of the villain at the end of the first book will go down well. And the second book is guaranteed to sow those seeds of contempt for the people of the South American Republics which is a convention in juvenile literature, and grows into a conviction when the young readers become bank clerks in Rio and Buenos Aires. VINCENT PARR

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Turf Fire Tales. By MARY F. PATTON. *Macmillan.* 6s.

The Children's Holiday Book of Verse. Chosen by LORNA LEWIS. *Barker.* 7s. 6d.

Mrs. Thirkell who, judging by her novels, knows a great deal about children at first hand, has translated five fairy stories from the German (authors not stated) in an admirably straightforward style. They are suitable for children aged from four to seven, and the very large, clear type shows that they are intended for children to read to themselves; but the book is a little too heavy for that, and its general character suggests rather the gloating group round the fire with frequent pauses in the reading aloud for examination of the many illustrations. These are all partially coloured, as though by hand, with a charming crudity reminiscent of scenery in early-Victorian toy theatres. They match the stories well, for in both there is sentiment and homeliness, and the precise but sparing detail which children like. For instance, in the title-story, Marlene and her little brother were separated from their parents and harshly treated. After a visit from the comforting sparrow, they "would talk about the sparrow in bed." This is undoubtedly one of the plum children's books of the season, and, with its excellent paper, margins and binding, is very cheap at five shillings.

Gingerbread Jane is another book for quite small children,

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The Year's Poetry 1935

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This is the second issue of an annual anthology of poetry written during the year. Hugh Walpole, writing of last year's volume, described it as 'a new anthology of contemporary verse quite as exciting to this generation as the first volume of the Georgian books was to their generation.'

the bodley head

slight and light to hold, but with smaller type than *The Grateful Sparrow*, and with rather unattractive illustrations in black and white. (An exception to this stricture is the donkey on p. 48.) It consists of twelve short stories, in which two characters called Granny Oakapple and Nat the Milkman (owner of the donkey) recur. Though not small enough for a stocking, it would do well for a make-weight present.

The Land of Never-Grow-Old, with its debased Ford-cum-Dulac illustrations (three of them in colour), is the kind of book which many children adore and which sensitive parents wince at having to read aloud. It is about a twin girl and boy living with painfully cultured parents in Ladbroke Square. Father Christmas, finding them awake when he comes to fill their stockings, takes them with him back to Christmas Land. It is no good expecting children to have good taste, and so I suppose they must be allowed books like this. But do the offspring of poets refer to their father's works as "po'tries," and if so, should this disgusting habit be made public?

The Turf-cutter's Donkey Goes Visiting is one long story, a continuation of *The Turf-cutter's Donkey*. Its illustrations (two of them in colour) are very bad; the text is fairly exciting. *Turf Fire Tales*, on the other hand, has a hundred illustrations by H. R. Millar, and that would be a great recommendation even without Miss Patton's delightful stories. She writes extremely well, and her humour, thank God, is not facetious:

> Lobsters are always ready for a fight, and this was not Padraicin's first battle, but he knew by instinct that this was going to be more serious than the usual tussle over a bit of dead fish.

Messrs. Macmillan are to be congratulated on the contents, very good production and moderate price of *Turf Fire Tales*. It ought to be bought for large numbers of children aged between six and ten. Like *The Grateful Sparrow*, it is a plum.

The Preface to *The Children's Holiday Book of Verse* will shock right-minded parents and be ignored by normal children. In it the compiler refers to the section which she has called "Something to think about" as expressing "definite ideas about . . . how to behave and what to believe; and the object of this small group is to remind boys and girls that they *must* think such questions out *for themselves*." The anthology is avowedly for children under fifteen and purports to represent the taste of some children who were consulted. It includes far too many of Blake's and Shakespeare's songs, which seemed to me, when I was ten and twelve, very flat and thin; and "The Ancient Mariner" in full: children seldom have a delicate ear for verbal effects; they like a series of emotional bumps, rolls, and quivers, which is why "The Revenge" and Browning's "Patriot" (not included) are such favourites. Why Ann and Jane Taylor were so freely drawn on is a mystery, for their charm if any is purely "period," a sense in which children are rightly deficient. There are a few uncanonical inclusions, such as George Rylands' "Good Hunting," which may fascinate pensive children, particularly girls. The anthology contains four hundred pages, is rather ungracefully bulky, and has bright yellow binding with red lettering.

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A COLLEAGUE OF WREN

The Diary of Robert Hooke. Edited by H. W. ROBINSON and W. ADAMS. *Taylor and Francis.* 25s.

Robert Hooke was born in July, 1635, so it is appropriate that the largest known section of his Diary, having lain almost entirely neglected for over two hundred years, should be published under the auspices of the Royal Society at the tercentenary of his birth. As a literary work the Diary has small merit, for it is a mere jotting down of daily happenings, but its interest is very considerable. The manuscript covers a period of twelve years, from March, 1671/2, to May, 1683. It is closely written and difficult to decipher, almost devoid of proper punctuation, and freely sprinkled with abbreviations and conventional signs. The task of the editors can have been no easy one, and they are to be congratulated on their text, though it seems a pity that they stopped short at December 31st, 1680.

There has always been a tendency to underrate Hooke as a scientist and to abuse him as a character. He was immensely inventive, but so many and varied were his activities that he rarely had time to carry any of his discoveries to their final conclusion. His work for the Royal Society alone was almost sufficient to prevent this, for they perpetually required new experiments from him, and it is largely due to Hooke's ability that the Society developed in the rapid but steady way it did. Besides his scientific work Hooke was one of the most active of the surveyors to the City of London for the rebuilding after the fire. He had, moreover, a large architectural practice, a fact which has hitherto been neglected.

Hooke has come through history, largely owing to his quarrels with Oldenburg and Newton, as a tiresome, cross gentleman of solitary disposition who quarrelled with everybody. His Diary shows this view of him to be quite incorrect. Such long-standing friends as Doctor Busby, his headmaster at Westminster, Robert Boyle, to whom he had been an assistant in his Oxford days and who had obviously introduced him to the Burlingtons and the Ranelaghs, Seth Ward, Bishop of Sarum, Sir Christopher Wren and Aubery fill the pages. He is on terms of the greatest intimacy with them, dining in their houses or having them to his own lodgings in Gresham College, meeting them at coffee-houses and discussing with them the new discoveries and topics of the day. Besides these friends many other well-known names appear. Evelyn and Pepys are there: "I was twice with Mr. Pepys who was very civill and kind," while on another day "Mr. Pepys master of Trinity House made a Long speech to no great purpose." Tompion, the clockmaker, plays a prominent part, and there are interesting entries relating to Dwight, the earliest known maker of English china. Hooke, being delicate, was extremely interested in his own and other people's ailments, and the Diary illustrates well how these seventeenth century scientists were still credulous children in regard to cures. "Sir Christopher (Wren) told . . . of curing his Lady of a thrush by hanging a bag of live boglice about her neck."

The Diary is an historical document of no small importance, but the subject on which it throws most new light is seventeenth-century architecture. Sir Christopher Wren, although so famous, has in certain respects remained wrapped in mystery. Very little personal information about him exists, nor has it been possible to determine who was his principal assistant in the building of the City churches. In Hooke's Diary the almost daily entries relating to Wren show him at meetings of the Royal Society, at coffee-houses, at his architectural work, smoking, talking, and reading architectural books. Moreover, it becomes clear that

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Hooke was to all intents and purposes his partner, visiting buildings, checking up estimates, and being paid a regular salary on "ye City Churches account." Even some buildings which have been attributed to Wren must now be acknowledged as Hooke's, as for instance the College of Physicians, the Monument, and the church at Willen in Buckinghamshire. Throughout the Diary there is much information relating to the building of Bedlam, Montague House, various other private houses Hooke was at work on, and to the rebuilding of the City.

But though the Royal Society can be trusted to take every care of the scientific aspect of the Diary, the editing in other respects leaves much to be desired. The architectural notes are desultory and often misleading. For instance, there are various entries relating to Lord and Lady Burlington, and to one of these a footnote is given stating that it would appear that Hooke built Burlington House in Piccadilly. There is nothing in the Diary to indicate this, and Pepys definitely states some thirteen years previously that it was built by Sir John Denham. Two drawings of churches are illustrated, both taken from a miscellaneous collection of drawings in the British Museum. One of these is called "Hooke's design for a church for Dr. Busby," which it certainly is, but no mention is made of the fact that Hooke did two designs or that the church which he built at Willen is totally unlike the church illustrated. The other illustration is referred to the entry "gave Sir J. Louther a Designe of church," but on what authority it is difficult to imagine, particularly as the church which Sir John Lowther built has no resemblance whatsoever to the drawing, except that they both have central towers. Another mistake that may be mentioned is that the famous sculptor Caius Gabriel Cibber is given in the biographical index as a painter.

The indexing is, unfortunately, particularly in a book so expensive and so important to serious students, inexcusably bad. There is no subject index and the biographical index is useless as an index. It claims only to mention the most important references to individuals, but it is wholly unreliable in this respect. For instance, the only entry about the Burlingtons which is considered sufficiently important for a footnote cannot be found from the index. Sir William Jones is another case in point, for the index gives him a few pages at the beginning of the book only. Actually his real interest in regard to Hooke appears in a series of pages at the very end when Hooke is doing a house for him.

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SIR WALFORD DELIGHT

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Sir Walford Davies says that his book is about what music is about; it would be much better to say that it describes what the mind does when, in listening to related sounds, it recognises them as good music. It is neither a technical treatise nor a history, yet both technical and historical analyses are used to discover what are the objective elements and what the subjective, or in other words, what it is that *really happens* in music. It must be said at once that despite certain faults, a too zealous pursuit of simile and some wretched puns, for example, the book is an excellent one, being full of eager delight and real learning. One indeed, feels the author's delight, both in the beauty he has to describe and in the occupation of describing.

Perhaps the least satisfactory section of the book is Part I, in which music is considered as a natural and universal language. It is a speculation taken up again in Part IV and never getting the reader very far in understanding what this language may communicate. It may communicate, but what is the commentator to do when, say, the first movement of the Eroica tells a London hearer of the Creator's power and a Moscow enthusiast of the impetus of the World Revolution? At best the speculation may hearten the cheerful layman who likes to feel recognisably sad and gay in his music, and at the worst it can do little harm.

Part II, however, is much more important and concerns itself with musical material proper, such as Tonal Measurement, the Time Area, Scales and Chords. It is in this section that the author first definitely succeeds in drawing adequate attention to the mind's creative task in listening. It is good to see that the beginner in criticism should be compelled to realise the enormous importance of Bach's well-tempered reform of the scale. Without it transition to other tonalities and harmonic perspective, in other words, the basis of modern form, would have been impossible. It represents the conquest of logic over the physical fact. The G sharp of A major, for instance, may not be the A flat of D flat major, but the loveliness which may result from the gross hearing and fine thinking of considering it so can be heard in the Andante of the Unfinished.

The importance of mental contribution in listening is especially brought out in Part III in the chapter on Phrasing. Sir Walford Davies analyses the musical process as follows:

(1) A bare thought or concept occurs, of two or more successive tones significantly related.
(2) Pleasure in the thought follows.
(3) Responsive movement results in phrase.

He declares this minute process to be typical of all musical processes. It is exciting to see what extraordinary similarity there is between this schema and the three laws held to underlie all cognition by Professor Spearman in his *The Nature of Intelligence*.

But the full accumulation of his doctrine is contained in the author's Part IV, a stiff-going but absolutely first-class account of Tonality, Harmonic Perspective and Sonata Form. To venture upon a criticism of so good a piece of work may seem unjust. Nevertheless, nowhere in this section nor in Part III does Rhythm, in the larger sense of Impetus, receive adequate notice. One remembers Sir Donald Tovey's classic of creative criticism upon the first Movement of the Eroica with the wish that the author had done something of the kind here. Again, the part that Time plays in transposition is not sufficiently dealt with. It is surely not only the traversing of tonal distance or harmonic removes that the mind experiences, but the time occupied in the movement from one tonality to another. It is useful to compare the enharmonic transition above referred to with, say, the passage which leads to the third entry of the Rondo theme in the Second Movement of the Beethoven E Minor Sonata, Op. 90, No. 27. Or even more conclusively, the commencement of the development section of the Schubert Sonata in B flat Major, No. 10 (Posthumous). Could anything be more lovely than that sudden and unprepared entry of C sharp minor?

Nevertheless, these are but small regrets to record by the side of so much pleasure. There have been many recent introductions to the understanding of music, but it is my belief that this is by far the best. No other covers so much ground, nor so thoroughly.

RALPH BATES

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Fool's Pleasure. By J. R. COLVILLE. *Methuen.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Women Called Wild. By ROSITA FORBES. *Grayson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In these nine volumes there are about 700,000 words, of which about 200,000 are superfluous. Every one of them would make a better book if it were reduced by something between 10,000 and 50,000 words. They are all what the wrapper of one of them calls "dramatised autobiographies," records of experience more or less written up, arranged, depilated, powdered and padded: padded out until one wonders if publishers really know their own business best. But perhaps it is the greedy authors who bully them into publishing long books, because they don't know how to write short ones. Your lazy or incompetent author conceals the experience of his life in puffs of inappropriate words. The dead dog is inflated by the gases of composition and decomposition (all gases expand alike) which are soon released. It takes an artist, that is to say a worker who can write and rewrite, to write a short book and yet add value and significance to the record of his own experience.

There is no doubt about Mr. Pat O'Mara being a real writer. I would not say that he is a good writer yet. He knows a lot of words, but he is likely to spit them all out at once in a curdled stream, or to write a sort of baboo or faulknerised English. He is capable of writing about "that perennial ogre of the ambitious female American, economics" or "*cacoethes scribendi* being a ruthless taskmaster"; and some of his set pieces (see the fight at the Hackers' Ball) just don't come off. But he has the emotional gifts of a great writer, and the passion to live, and the determination which carried him, always learning reading and writing, through the terrible experiences he describes. After having run away to sea from a Liverpool slum, as told in a first book which I have not read, he becomes a taxi-driver in Baltimore, and begins with a panorama of the town from the top of the Washington monument. It is clear that in America taxi-drivers form one of the recognised estates of the underworld; and there is very little we do not learn about the brothels of Baltimore. He has two loves of comfort and despair, the gentle waitress Helen whom he fails to sensualise, and the feline Sally to whom he is bound by lust and fear; he runs away to sea again from both of them, and starves in New York, and returns to taxi-driving and Baltimore, and finds out too late that he loved one or both of them, and marries a Pennsylvania Dutch girl, and endures family life for four years; and all the time keeps a travelling library fitted in the driving seat of his cab, and finally brings his mother and sister over from the Liverpool slum —and sells his first story to Mr. Mencken. There is just a little too much of it. We could spare some of his low life idylls and specimen passengers. But it is composed on a grand scale and purges the reader with pity and horror and laughter.

Mr. J. H. Walker also went to North America lured from a comfortable middle-class home in Ayrshire by the lying advertisements of the shipping companies, and in *A Scotsman in Canada* gives his experiences of work on a farm and as an unemployed "harvester" in Winnipeg; he spent his twenty-first birthday working as a navvy on a railway gang; meanwhile his father's business crashed and he finally got back to Glasgow on a cattle boat. He is very Scotch and very young, and rather priggish and egotistical. But he is admirably sincere and his musical gifts and aspirations gave him some critical power and position. There is much too much of a reasonably good book; I think a quarter of its 130,000 words might have been sweated out of it.

There is not too much of Mr. C. W. Thurlow Craig's *Paraguayan Interlude*. I certainly never intended to read every word of it, but I did, and should like to read his other book, although a high standard has been set for books about South America. It is an unpretentious but amusing and intelligent account of managing cattle and horses on a big ranch in the Gran Chaco, with stories about jaguars, fishes, horses, *yerba*, the mythical snake-fish, Indians, and the impossibility of christianising them ("they always slip up on the Virgin Mary story"), reports of white Indians and Inca survival. The Chaco has been fought over since Mr. Craig's interlude, but must still deserve exploration.

Miss Joy Packer, although her book is about 20,000 words too long, must be given credit for preparing from the disconnected verbal reports of Mrs. Pawley a book which does give one an idea of what it is like to be captured by Chinese bandits. Mrs. Pawley had the advantage of speaking the Manchurian dialect and was able to keep her courage up with powder and lipstick; but she and her fellow-captive Mr. Corkran had ropes round their necks for six weeks and had quite definitely a lousy time. I apologise for once having suspected that the exploits of Chinese bandits were invented by the Japanese Foreign Office.

Mr. V. C. Buckley (*Tickets, Please*) takes us in 90,000 words by Bermuda, Curaçoa and Colon to Hollywood, to Chicago for the World's Fair, and back to London for the royal wedding; then off again by Marseilles and Port Said to Suakin and Khartoum (where he met Mr. Whitney Straight flying back from the Cape) and Luxor and Abydos and back to Cairo; then to Jerusalem and home again by Haifa and Trieste. Mr. Buckley writes down everything he sees and hears with an almost herodotean simplicity in a style undistinguished but never ungrammatical, and anyone who wants to follow the same itinerary would find him very useful. He seems to be fairly accurate, but the fishes in Galilee notable for parental care are *cichlidae* (not "Chichlide") and the Samaritans are a Jewish sect (not Moslems as Mr. Buckley implies).

Some people will see more beauty in a well-patinated flint than in a string of pearls, but ageing women always want to hang pearls round their necks, and Mr. Kornitzer, who loves a good pearl so much that he calls it "she," talks in *Pearls and Men* a lot of very interesting shop about pearls and pearl-dealing. I suspect that some of his stories are cultured and he certainly takes a long time to secrete them. He seems to have rather wild ideas about the oyster's secretion of conchiolin (p. 31) and he does not tell, what I particularly wanted to know, how pearls are drilled.

Pearls are not the only consolation of middle age: there are also fur coats, thanks partly to Captain Abram Kean who, in *Old and Young Ahead*, tells us how in 1934 he brought to port 48,701

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seals, making a total of 1,008,100 seals since he became a master forty-five years before. He promises to tell us about modern methods of killing seals, but never does so. An inquiring reader, however, may dig out of this book many interesting facts about the salt fish trade (more bad fish has been sent out of Newfoundland since modern methods were introduced than ever before), and about politics in Britannia's oldest colony (where the spoils system had been brought to such a pitch that a captain would lose his ship if there was a change of government, and where self-government was suspended on the recommendation of a Royal Commission in 1932); and there is one joke (p. 71).

Mr. Colville is a Cambridge undergraduate who with two friends, Alphonse a Mexican from Paris, and Timothy who provided most of the humour by having to be kept in order, went down the Danube from Vienna to Bucharest and then visited Constantinople, Smyrna, Lesbos, Mount Athos, Athens, Mycenae ("the Mecca of tourists in Greece"), Corfu and Ragusa, and so by Venice came back to Paris, whence he and Timothy flew to England rather pleased with themselves for having visited twelve countries in seven weeks for £60 each. *Fools' Pleasure* is all very jolly and suitable for the middle forms of public schools, and there are some good photographs. Mr. Colville does not write very well (too many veritables and actuallys); and the "liqueur called whisky" drunk at Rustchuk is really called something which I don't know how to spell, derived from the word for a plum which appears in German as *Zwetschge*; I must admit that I was rather prejudiced against him by his admiration of Budapest.

The trouble about *Women called Wild* is that as Mrs. Rosita Forbes says on p. 146, "it is so difficult to distinguish between reality and imagination." We follow her about the world from Abyssinia to Russia and China and Kurdistan and Dutch Guiana, and up the Amazon, and to Haiti and Turkey and Annam and Tunis and Syria, entertained from time to time by a flash of "Coloured Lights" or the vision of a slim naked body "perfectly formed from throat to knee," and then off to Java again, all the time reading about women who get wilder and wilder until we are back again in Abyssinia and one of them seems to turn into a hyaena. Mrs. Forbes has some interesting things to tell about slavery in Abyssinia, and about Mme. David Neel, the explorer of Tibet, "the most remarkable person alive in the world to-day"; and about Tunisian weddings; and about the Druses and the "mother" of one of their tribes, the Sitt Zeinab (whose matriarchal authority reminds us of the position, evidently not unique, once occupied by Jane Digby el Mezrab, Lady Ellenborough—subject of a recent book by Miss E. M. Oddie). But anthropology if it is to be fit for use must be kept in a separate compartment, cool and uncontaminated. How much of all this can we believe when most of it is treated in such a manner as to be indistinguishable from the worst fiction? How many of these 90,000 words could be spared? It would be kinder not to say.

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We all know about the young man who had received a pious upbringing, instead of which he went about the country stealing ducks. Mr. Hippo Neville is of the same persuasion, but not so high-flying; *he* went about filching pieces of chocolate from the counters of small shops. On the title-page he announces himself as "son of a good family, *though it could be better*, thief, rogue and vagabond, idealist and beggar man, a would-be honest thinker, who is neither penitent nor impressed by himself." This does really give one a very fair idea of what to expect (the phrase I have italicised is especially revealing)—a young, innocent, and pompous attempt to shock the bourgeois. Mr. Neville plays the old game with enormous zest, and no suspicion that communism has for some time been respectable, and "the road" modern; he has, moreover, one really nasty weapon of offence—his narrative style. Here is a specimen:

> Tentatively, wantonly, almost bloodlessly, rumps astraddle suggestively, fingers morse-morseing against peroxy love apples, this bosomy babe-matron sized me up and made soft inquiry if I would care to come round again that evening . . .

Flesh and blood could not bear it through an entire volume, but luckily after a time he slacks off; and this story of tramps and casual wards would be entertaining if it were not so smothered in Mr. Hippo Neville. Unspeakably tiresome as he is, however, he has plenty of crude power, and in the end one develops quite a kindly feeling for him—his gambols come to affect one like those of a small child or a puppy-dog. The waste of effort is patently ridiculous, but how nice to have such a fund of energy!

Still, Mr. Langewiesche-Brandt is a relief. Though young and itinerant like Mr. Neville, he is, thank goodness, quite grown up, sophisticated and very intelligent. He writes first of New York, where he took various jobs to keep himself at the university, but later and chiefly of the American road—not the tramp's road in our sense—(walking tours, amateur or professional, cannot flourish in a country where, at the end of a long day's tramp, you seem to be still in exactly the same place), but the road of motor cars, hitch-hikers and rail-riders, which he has plenty to say about, having crossed the entire continent both ways. I could wish him not quite so fond of the historic present, but perhaps some of his book is really diary very little worked up. It has the value not so much of good writing as of good conversation—off-hand, full of suggestions and descriptive flashes.

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little book of essays with an autobiographical flavour, and made me regret having missed *My Life*, by the same author. Highbrow defenders of our social system are an easy prey; the anti-bourgeois will find it much harder to deal with a figure like this, kind and sensible, not at all extraordinary, and quite innocent of advanced notions—for if such people exist, clearly nothing preached by the anti-bourgeois can be necessary to salvation.

Mr. Unthan—to make an abrupt transition for once—was born without arms, and has no reason to regret it. "I have never—not once—felt that I should have been happier with arms. I have never met anyone whom I had reason to envy." This is undoubtedly a heart-warming triumph, and it is interesting to hear how the deformed child (whom the midwife wanted to smother) learnt to use his feet, and what a source of pleasure lay in the effort. Work would be thrilling to the armless boy when it was only a bore to other children, and he used to pity them. But the conquest of his disability was very rapid. At the age of (I think) four he used to thread his mother's needles to save time; and when the grand climax of violin-playing has been reached and appreciated, there is not much to fall back upon. Anne Elliot might, if she could, have included this book among the "memoirs of characters of worth and suffering" which were to brace up Captain Benwick's mind, but I feel sure she would not have required him to read it all.

Dr. Small's book is lunacy for the layman; the author spent six years as a doctor in an American asylum, and has now dished up a selection of his experiences. He overdoes the comic relief and incidental love interest, but he does convey a good deal of information as well; the grim periods of a Dixon Mann are more impressive, more nicely calculated to make the blood run backwards; but one might do worse than take *I Knew* 3,000 *Lunatics* to read in the train. Some of the cases stick in one's memory; my favourite was the old lady who "seemed to have as her sole mission in life the brushing with a broom over a certain place in the wall."

> For years she had been doing it, and no one knew why. I decided to ask her. It took me a long time to find out, even though I questioned her day after day. Finally, I elicited the information that she did it to keep the "gwares" working, but I never could learn what the "gwares" were.

Haven't we all some private acquaintance with those gwares?

Mr. Hippo Neville informs us that "the chief literature of the next twenty years will be written by sane men whose sanity has put them on the British road." That it will be written by sane men does not seem improbable, but I think there are better places to be "put" by one's sanity. Take Greenland. The strength of Dr. Sorge's book lies in its entrancing illustrations. Of course the actual photography is superb—these people were experts, their business in Greenland was to take a film—but what subjects they had! The attraction of Eskimos, kajaks and icebergs becomes almost painful; and the narrative, while it cannot stand up to the pictures, tells the same tale.

Racing the Seas suggests another way of escape. This book, in contrast to Dr. Sorge's, is illustrated by photographs absolutely comic in their lack of interest, but the narrative will please those who like that kind of thing—that is, small-boat sailing; even I enjoyed, at second-hand, the dangers and exquisite discomforts of a certain voyage across the Bay of Biscay. *Racing the Seas* has no literary value, but pretends to none, and is therefore readable. But "the general" will certainly prefer "*Shark! Shark!*" which is not only (what the sub-title calls it) a record of thirty years of shark-hunting, but a complete Book of the Shark—the types, habits and commercial uses of that unpleasant brute: facts about him, fancies about him, fictions, beliefs, and Hawaian fairy-tales, besides a good deal of small talk about other sea-creatures, and a number of photographs and drawings. Altogether it is a well-filled volume, not very consecutive, but agreeable to dip into.

Those who do not like war books may make an exception of *Blast and Counterblast*, a "naval impression" conveyed with simplicity and charm. Admiral Usborne has the purest Nelson attitude; on the outbreak of war he comments: "Our long years of trial and drudgery were not to be wasted . . . we were now to enter the garden of fruition," and the news of victory brought him "a sad form of gladness . . . a flat feeling that the great days were gone." But actually he was not allowed much fighting; he spent his time hanging about, first at Scapa Flow, and then in the Eastern Mediterranean—first inventing an apparatus against mines, and afterwards laying them. As a result, his war experiences were far from grim: and on the great fire of Salonika, the "conversion" of the Greek islanders to Venizelos's government, or the French fleet, his neighbours at Corfu, he makes very pleasant reading.

One Against England, a German spy's account of *his* war, is cheap journalism, valuable only in so far as, by suddenly recalling the kind of thing that was said and thought in England during the war, it makes one squirm. There are also some photographs of war-time London, which look very queer. Ernst Carl professes to explain the sinking of the *Hampshire*—he did it himself. There seems no reason why his story, or something more or less like it, should not be true, but the journalistic style does not inspire confidence.

The war letters of General Monash, who "if the war had lasted a little longer, might have become Commander-in-Chief of the British Armies," err in the opposite direction; this Australian General's manner is as literary and sedate as heart could wish. He is inexhaustibly copious and very circumstantial, but unluckily his sedateness gives every letter the effect of a monologue by the club-bore; one's mind instinctively withdraws into snail-like imperviousness to information. However, there is no doubt that anyone getting through these closely-printed pages will have learnt a great deal about the doings of the Australian Army, and about the organisation of modern trench warfare. K. JOHN

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that Mr. Allen's book fails satisfactorily to supply the need of a comprehensive study of this extraordinary and exciting man. One of the great difficulties in dealing with Kierkegaard consists in so presenting the man and his works that the typically modern confusion, of regarding the latter solely in the light of the former, shall not arise. For, unfortunately for his fame, Kierkegaard's life lends itself so painfully to the psycho-analytic approach (father fixation—sexual impotence—masochism—persecution mania), that the danger of leaving the reader with the impression that his ideas are of no value except as "case-history," is most difficult to avoid; and Mr. Allen, by insisting from the first on the sensational aspects of the story, and only settling down in the second half of his book to the serious exposition of the works, has not avoided it. Adequately to emphasise the spiritual importance for us of Kierkegaard's thought, it would have been necessary to expose its bases much more fully than has here been done. The account of this expansion of religious influence, for instance, with its branching into (1) specifically religious, Protestant theories, and (2) Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, is far too brief; and though the exploration—all important—of Kierkegaard's attitude to sin is intelligent and clear, one feels the lack of adequate quotation which a longer book would have allowed. For, though Kierkegaard's own explanation of the meaning of sin is most unscientific, his account of its incidence (in *The Idea of Dread*) is extremely illuminating. Like all those who fear life, he was a thorough romantic in his dealings with it; one of the cruxes of his turbulent and abortive love for Rizine Olsen, as Mr. Allen acutely points out, was that "he did not dare to possess her, lest the happy illusion should vanish at too close quarters." The result, in the end, was "a secret alliance with God against the past, a misunderstanding world, and the inner anguish from which he saw no possibility of escape." An alliance, not an alternative illusion; since the result of his sacrifice, set forth with such rich and pungent originality of thought, in *Fear and Trembling* (which Mr. Allen rightly places high among his works), was the release of a store of spiritual energy which enabled him fearlessly to attack the slough of materialism into which the Danish Church had fallen, and—more important still—to purify his own intellect of temporal emotions to the point where it was possible for him to see the essential lines of his spiritual pilgrimage in terms of an universal progress towards perfection. This is the usual course of the lives of mystics, and Kierkegaard's story is only interesting for the peculiarity of its details. What are of lasting importance are the tragic and sublime discoveries which it brought to light in his mind and which are fully, if obscurely, revealed in his works. A translation of these into English is long overdue. Meanwhile it would be churlish to be entirely ungrateful to Mr. Allen for an introduction which, if its proportions are not all that could be desired, must whet all readers' appetites for a closer acquaintance with the works themselves.

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The Last Puritan. By GEORGE SANTAYANA. *Constable.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

From time to time professional authors of fiction have been a little troubled by the invasion into their province of writers from other realms, writers such as the aesthete and critic Pater with *Marius*, or Samuel Butler with *The Way of All Flesh*. I've wondered lately what our professionals will be thinking of the newest invasion, in the form of a novel by an eminent philosopher, Mr. George Santayana's *The Last Puritan*.

They will perhaps try to comfort themselves by reflecting on what Mr. Santayana has not done. *The Last Puritan* isn't exciting. Mr. Santayana hasn't made his characters talk themselves alive in the way that Dickens or Jane Austen do it; they speak a most formal language. Nor has he placed them in dramatic moral predicaments as Henry James would have done. There are no great emotional occasions, no terrific visual scenes. And Mr. Santayana has not, I must admit, provided us, like Mr. Joyce, with the new language that we all want so much.

But wait a bit, I would say to the professionals, these comforts won't last long. It will soon become obvious that, among other charms, Mr. Santayana had that gift which Pater lacked, and which to a novelist is worth almost anything else. He has the narrative gift. He is readable.

The superficial theme of *The Last Puritan* is the education, and youth, and early death of Oliver Alden; there is, however, a ground base, a deeper theme, which gives this novel its great significance. The true drama is Oliver's struggle to come to terms with life. He finds that his dear friend Jim Darnley has a mistress; later two girls refuse to marry him. Jim is killed in the war. But disillusion and bereavement mean little to Oliver in the end. The story which seems a tragic and pathetic one turns out to be nothing of the kind. Oliver has learnt "that imaginative dominion over experience" which, as Mr. Santayana has written, is genius; he has learnt to "assimilate the temporal to the eternal, not the eternal to the temporal." Jim had seemed half divine; that was enough; nothing could change the image; not his death even, which was less terrible to Oliver than the discovery had been, in his unbalanced youth, that Jim had a mistress.

> "Am I glad she has refused me?" he asks himself towards the end of the book. "Am I glad the vicar is dead? Was I glad when Jim went down and was lost? No; it was terrible . . . and yet it all seems a solution. The strain is relaxed. The play is over, the doors open. . . . I am walking out into the night. . . . I am falling back upon my deeper self. . . . I may have made a mistake about Rose, as I did about Edith, but I've made no mistake about myself. . . ."

There was really nothing left for him to do except to die.

It is possible only to hint at the depth and wisdom which have gone to the making of this book—the "courage and universal kindness," which Mr. Santayana has spoken of in reference to Dickens, "that are requisite to nerve us for a true vision of the world." Let me only give two examples of the minor riches of the work. First, to show some of the beauty of the writing, take this passage about Oxford:

> What these low walls shut out was not the great universe. It was only a waste land of desolation and folly. Outside, not within, lay the real hopelessness and the real ruins. Within was an orchard of perennial fruits. These great trees carried the murmur of earthly labour almost to the clouds, almost to the veiled courses of the stars. Here was not the devouring silence of death or of the desert, rather a silence sustained by the music of nature and history, and scanned by the prosody of thought. In this air there was a placid tension, like the tension of truth; and all this repose was only the equilibrium, at their centre, of all disputes and of all battles.

Secondly, as an example of the wit and beauty and wisdom of

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the minor characters, take these remarks of Jim's mother, Mrs. Darnley, who must surely have the same blood in her as Scott's sibyls, as Meg Merrilies, or Madge Wildfire, or Elspeth of Craigburnfoot :

"Ah, the little troubles, Mr. Oliver, they ruin a woman's life . . . the vicar can comfort me when I don't need comforting ; and it's almost a pleasure to grieve, all hung in weeds, like a weeping willow. But the price of eggs, Mr. Oliver, the price of eggs !"

"Our young men will drop like apples in a wet year in the orchard, some green and some ripe and some rotten, and each with an iron worm in him."

"This is a wretched world, Mr. Oliver, a wretched world : and the worst is, that nobody can live in it for ever."

These are, as it were, only glimpses amid the superb structure of the whole : glimpses from the long galleries of formal portraits, from the succession of lovely vistas, which make the book all a delight to read. Its author being a philosopher, fresh kinds of stuff have gone to the making of this novel. The old instrument sings a new tune. And as for the professional and practised writers of fiction, well may they shake their quills and quiver ; for Mr. Santayana, it seems to me, has wiped the floor with the lot of them. ROBERT GATHORNE-HARDY

GERMANY AND GREECE

The Tyranny of Greece Over Germany. By E. M. BUTLER. *Cambridge University Press.* 15s.

Appearing in 1935, *The Tyranny of Greece Over Germany* has a special and tragic interest. For its subject is the susceptibility of the German race to ideas ; and there is no doubt that, political circumstances apart, a passion for ideas—hence a love of fine phrases and a weakness for the demagogue who makes an idea, however specious, the main plank of his platform—does much to facilitate the Dictator's advent. The German people (writes Miss Butler) are characterised by a "dangerous idealism"—dangerous because that idealism is very often half-baked and leads, through odd by-paths, to conclusions as cynical, as utterly bereft of any redeeming feature, as the ruffianly rule under which Germany is at present suffering. Only good intentions could produce so bad a result. Only magnanimous muddle-headedness could have precipitated many of the troubles from which Germany has suffered in the past. A suspicion of muddle-headedness hangs over more than one of Miss Butler's heroes. Though they felt deeply, they understood imperfectly. They exalted classicism ; but the Greece they admired was a country of the imagination. And it is significant that both Goethe and Winckelmann should have refused the opportunity of visiting Athens when it occurred.

Miss Butler's first chapter, in which she deals with Winckelmann, whom she entitles "The Discoverer," is probably the best, and is certainly the most interesting, of the entire book. So interesting is her subject-matter that it seems a pity that she has not given her monograph a slightly simpler and more easily accessible form. Winckelmann emerges a tragic figure, hounded on by his destiny, obsessed by an ideal that drove him to destruction. In 1768, he left Rome for Germany ; but "hardly had he entered the Tyrol . . . before horror overcame him—a violent elemental horror." He was seized by a wild longing for the classic South. "Look, my friend, look ; what a terrible, terrifying landscape !" he wailed to the Italian sculptor, his travelling companion. "Let us get back to Rome." At Munich he would proceed no further, and rushed home by way of Vienna to Trieste, where fate overtook him in the shape of the "enervated lascivious lackey" who murdered him for the sake of the gold medals with which he had recently been presented by the Empress of Austria. Winckelmann's life was complicated by the strain of homosexuality that is often the result of a classical education too ardently and literally pursued. His death (says Miss Butler, who tends to give the whole subject of her book a somewhat melodramatic colouring) "had a symbolical significance more often found in art than life. . . . He was killed by Arcangeli at Trieste ; but he had annihilated his own future first."

More illuminating, however, than Miss Butler's analysis of Winckelmann's personal career is the section that she devotes to *The Myth of Laocoon*. For Winckelmann, as for many later critics, including Goethe, that appalling piece of statuary marked one of the greatest achievements of the Hellenic genius ; and he attributed to it a number of spiritual qualities that do not fit the Laocoon yet, strangely enough, are applicable to earlier and far fresher products of Greek plastic art. Even nowadays, his famous eulogy is wonderfully penetrating ; and we are left surprised, and a little horrified, that the critic who was so wrong in his examples could have been so right in the deductions that he drew.

Winckelmann leads the procession of German classicists described by Miss Butler, and, following him, come Lessing and Herder, Goethe, Schiller, Hölderlin, Heine, Nietzsche and, among comparatively recent writers, Carl Spitteler and Stefan George. Each writer is studied in his relationship with the classical past, and Miss Butler attempts to assess its effect upon his own individual contribution to European literature. *The Tyranny of Greece Over Germany* (as its title may indicate) is a somewhat unwieldy and, at times, a decidedly ponderous book. But it is well worth studying ; and the reader who can forgive Miss Butler's very unfortunate metrical renderings of German verse will find that it contains many absorbing chapters—that it includes many hints to stimulate his personal fancy. It is a book to be carefully read—slowly digested. One cannot recommend it to the lover of literary snacks PETER QUENNELL

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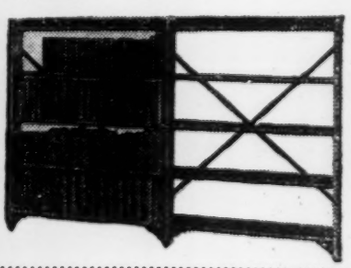

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known, and mostly grown—or sometimes killed—I have, of course, left out many good things. I have on the other hand left out a great many boring plants.

The majority of gardeners will be grateful to Mr. Elliott for his censorship, as they will be for the detailed and authoritative information which he gives so freely. Despite the fact that the book is arranged in alphabetical order—always a difficult form for the general reader—it is no mere recital of descriptions and facts, and readers will quickly discover that Mr. Elliott has collected much more than alpines on his journey, for his lore is lightened by lively wit and apt anecdote.

Plants only are dealt with but another volume is promised devoted to the building of rock gardens, screes and the alpine lawn and house. Twenty pages of illustrations and an index are provided.

The Living Garden will, we hope, be widely read for it may help much in bridging the chasm which separates botany from horticulture. Just how these two nearly related subjects became so completely divorced as they often appear to be is difficult to understand, but it is safe to say that this sharp division would not have existed had more botanists in the past been like the present Quain Professor of Botany. Dr. Salisbury is a genuine gardener and a genial scientist. He neither "writes down" nor suffers from the prevalent "rapture," a disease which is quickly rivalling the mildew for first place. He believes that the gardener can make a most valuable contribution to knowledge by placing at the disposal of the trained investigator accurate observations on living plants and would like to "envisage a future in which the great majority of horticultural enthusiasts are a band of voluntary helpers in our pursuit of the knowledge of plants."

The Living Garden deals with nearly every aspect of garden life. The soil, sunshine and shade, propagation, seeds, weeds, scent and colour, besides much else are all discussed in the light of modern research and with a wealth of curious and entertaining information. Dr. Salisbury can make the ordinary routine jobs of the garden interesting and can even rob grass-cutting of its tedium. It is not possible here to indicate the number of topics he touches upon, but as they include the results of testing the colour senses of bees and the possibility of constructing a real floral clock which would tell the time by the opening and closing of different flowers, some idea may be formed of the variety this fascinating book offers. Numerous excellent drawings and photographs both in the text and as plates illustrate the work and there is an adequate index.

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> To Love inhaloed with self-plentitude
> Is no without-door world. . . .

but smooths out into a plainer reflection of its original. Some of the oddities are amusing: Kemp's *Nine Days' Wonder*, old Oxford punch recipes, the account of an alchemist in 1800

Alexander Smith's *On Vagabonds*. Which Alexander Smith? There are at least three, including the author of the best slang dictionary in English. This one turns out to be a Victorian essayist in the genteel tradition who knows all the usual tricks and in addition the art of extending an essay to four times its usual length. His "Dreamthorp" might be recommended to the guest who has given up counting sheep.

The reader is left to pick out his own pattern. Personally I enjoyed most Baron Munchausen (adventures in Russia), Brillat Savarin's *Maxims of a Gastronomist*, La Rochefoucauld's Maxims, Trelawney's account of the death of Shelley (the boat was run down by fishermen who thought Byron was on board with a pile of gold), and the anonymous "Groans of Samuel Sensitive and Timothy Testy." Since the latter is, I think, new and unpublished, and often brilliantly funny, I quote some of its miseries:

> Visiting an Awful Ruin, in the company of a Romp of one sex, or of a Hun of another.
>
> On entering the room, to join an evening party composed of remarkably grave, strict, and precise persons, suddenly finding that you are drunk (though you thought you were, and fully intended to be, rigidly sober)—and what is worse still, that the company has *shared* with you in the discovery.
>
> The moment in which you discover that you have taken in a mouthful of fat, by mistake for turnip.
>
> Detecting an human hair in your mouth, which, as you slowly draw it forth, seems to lengthen *ad infinitum*.
>
> After dinner—when the charming women with whom you were sitting have withdrawn, being suddenly left exposed to a long *tête-à-tête* with a *Torpedo*; a fellow who will neither pump nor flow.
>
> The hypochondriacal impression, under which you sometimes fancy, as you lie in bed, that your fingers are, each, as large as a woolsack—legs of the size of church pillars—pillow bigger than the bed of Ware, etc., etc.—and all this affair seeming to grow worse and worse every moment!

Similar discomforts are revealed by the Interludes of Mr. Arthur Calder-Marshall and Mr. John Davenport, which are sandwiched between the weightier choices of Mr. O'Brien's miscellany. They display the Week-end in all its horror: the bridge fours, the whip-up for churchgoers on Sunday morning, the queue for the bathroom, the guests, the servants, the tips. Ingenious ways of dealing with some of these are suggested, but they are hardly practical; on the other hand, the method of getting back to one's own room before breakfast, recommended on page 133, seems worth trying. How much more convincing, in print, are the horrors than the pleasures of the week-end! Mr. Calder-Marshall and Mr. Davenport have inserted timidly a "Perfect Week-end," with no bores, no suit-cases bursting in the hall, no draughty corridors or shrieking children. It is described almost entirely in negatives.

G. W. STONIER

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"CAN Aunt Julia really think that I should like that?" is one's usual feeling on receiving a Christmas card, probably representing a young lady in eighteenth-century clothes or a robin or an embryonic puppy. But it is now possible to find cards which can be sent without shame and received with pleasurable surprise. The best of all come from the British Museum, and the Victoria and Albert—delightful coloured reproductions of English water colours, della Robbias, stained glass, embroideries, Mogul miniatures, and Chinese paintings. There is also an admirable series of objects from the Eumorfopoulos collection, which are likely to have the success they deserve, as the Burlington House Exhibition is stimulating general interest in Chinese Art. The British Museum also produces Chinese paintings, twenty inches by twenty-five at five shillings each, which can be used as Christmas cards *de luxe*. Also a charming series at the same price of facsimiles of Elizabethan maps. In excellence of taste and variety of style and lowness of price these Government productions are unsurpassed. The Medici Society also produce some very good cards reproducing David Cox, Shotter Boys, Reynolds and de Hooch, and among the moderns Claire Leighton and Augustus John. Messrs. Ward are enterprising, with coloured cards designed by Claude Flight, Jack Barker, Marion Niven, and a black-and-white after Gwen Raverat. It is a pity that their example is not more widely followed—there are a number of good English artists who make lovely designs. Messrs. Ward also produce very good photographic cards at a very low price. Messrs. Heffer, of Cambridge, have some gay and pleasant cards, and Country Life produce a calendar of English landscapes at half a crown. From

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THE WEBBS ON RUSSIA

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I came to curse. It was certain that these two great social scientists would collect, organise and correlate vast treasures of material on the Soviet Union. But would they, could they show how the system worked? They knew the country from one or two comparatively brief visits, and they did not speak the language.

Could they lend reality to their analysis and synthesis? Or would their two huge volumes be a description by means of cold formulae of a dead mechanism? So many foreigners have come, seen and written books about the U.S.S.R. that those who dwell there year in and year out conceive a hatred—or is it professional jealousy?—for the week-end or summer-tour observer-et-author even if he be a Wells or a Webb.

One is bound to admit, however, that these volumes, which might fittingly form the brilliant apex stone of that Cheops pyramid of books produced by the Webbs over the decades, constitute a welcome exception in the many-shelfed Sovietiana. Perhaps the greatest virtue of the book is its bulk. Having dared to take almost 1,200 pages, the authors are able to present so detailed a picture of Soviet Communism with all its motors, cylinders, crankshafts, wheels, wheels within wheels, screws, bolts, gears, valves and oil holes, as well as grit, dust and dirt, that the whole is easily set into motion by the use of personal observations, the observations of many others, excerpts from Soviet newspapers and speeches, and by the skilful interweaving of bits from Soviet *belles lettres*. The mechanism does live. In fact, I know of no book in any language which offers so inclusive and therefore realistic a view of the functioning of Soviet society. After all, Gibbon did not reside in ancient Rome nor did Aulard smell the smoke and blood of the French Revolution. Research may be as rewarding as experience. The Webbs combine some of the advantages of a contemporary with the perspective and detachment of the historian.

The first volume, the better of the two, treats of Soviet man in his three necessary capacities: as citizen, producer and consumer, and as part of the voluntary "Vocation of Leadership" or the Communist party. The concluding chapter essays to answer whether all this is "Dictatorship or Democracy"?

"Man as a Citizen," which can be taken as an illustration of the inclusive and therefore realistic treatment, occupies 150 pages. Herein are the historic background of the Soviets as a political institution, the qualifications of suffrage, the difficulties of the disfranchised, a village election as witnessed by a foreigner, an appreciation of the democracy and educational value of this procedure, decentralised village administration, the relationship of that administration to local Communists, the text of an address by President Kalinin to thousands of chairmen of village soviets urging them to co-opt the largest number of citizens to their tasks, the election of city soviets and the widespread propaganda which precedes it, the use of the election meeting as a forum of discussion and criticism, eye-witness descriptions of the preparations in factories for soviet elections, minute reports of the operations of city and regional soviets, an explanation of the earlier indirect voting system, the national federation at work in its commissariats, congresses, etc.—here there is a mistake (p. 100): the Government now does publish long factual *communiqués* about cabinet sittings—the varied enterprises of Government departments: control of production, distribution, finance, savings, insurance, defence—the Red Army as a school, its advantages as a fighting force—the Home Office (formerly the G.P.U.), the courts and lawyers, and finally a very sensitive outline of the manner in which the Bolsheviks administer the 187 national minorities of the U.S.S.R. with special attention to the Jewish problem and an incidental comparison, by Lord Passfield of the Colonial Office, it will be remembered, with Zionism. The parts dovetail. One sees the joints. There is ample appreciation of the subtle methods by which the regime influences its citizens and is in turn influenced by them. What emerges is "a new basis of statehood," never attempted in the world before, the essence of which is "a genuine equality of citizenship, as completely irrespective of race or language as of colour or religion." For whereas "no widespread empire has yet found it possible to establish a parliament effectively representing its whole realm," the Soviet Communists have done so through indirect soviet elections which, it is submitted, enjoy "certain advantages over that of the directly elected parliamentary assembly." But the Bolsheviks, in February, 1935, resolved to introduce direct elections to a national Parliament, thus suggesting that the Webbs attached too much significance to the technique of indirect elections and too little to the claims that democracy is inherent in the Soviet conception.

When this sketch of the individual as a political entity is rounded out by equally broad yet itemised statements on his life as a maker of values and as a user of all those values, the reader begins to sense the existence of a virile nation of 170,000,000 souls busily engaged in creating "The Good Life" which consists of good moral and ethical values and better material conditions, in a word, the new civilisation.

It matters little if Yaroslavsky is included in the supreme Political Bureau, although he was never a member, or that Stalin is stated to be General Secretary of the party when that office was abolished several years ago. But it is more important that the consumers' co-operatives to which the authors devote considerable space were "liquidated" in the cities in October, 1935. The Webbs noted that State stores were invading the field of the co-ops, and if they had seen the prediction made in December, 1934, by at least one Moscow correspondent writing for the New York *Nation* that the end of rationing would be the beginning of the end of co-operatives, they might not have erred. For the development was obvious. Also, the Communist party does give orders to the Government in fact and in so many published words. The Webbs say (p. 430) that it gives instructions only "to its own members."

But for every mistake there are a dozen shrewd observations—the one, for instance, that when democracy is so broad, party dictatorship is essential. Or the explanation of why Stalin is what he is. This is a rich plum. An original thought is offered, too, on why he regretfully allows himself to be showered with so much oriental adulation. The world will likewise mark the admission, by the Fabian Father, that the end justifies the costs—and the means? (p. 601).

An examination, in the second volume, of the role of the

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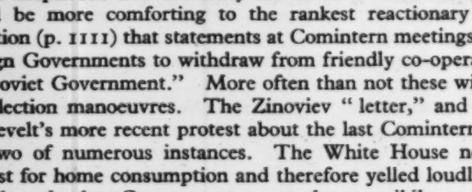
intelligentsia, and a full study of planning in all its phases lead Mr. and Mrs. Webb to conclude that :

> Alike in directing industry so as to satisfy the needs and desires of the entire community, and in obtaining from the whole mass of manual workers the utmost useful participation in production, Soviet Communism bids fair actually to surpass the achievement of profit-making capitalism.

This raises the question of Socialist-Capitalist symbiosis, for, although we are too seldom mindful of it, the essential characteristic of the present phase of world history is the peaceful competition of two rival social systems. If it is possible, as Trotzky says it is not, for "Socialism in One Country" to succeed, then Moscow's foreign policy and the Comintern's strategy must undergo change. Unfortunately, our authors did not understand the Trotzky-Stalin controversy—its chief feature, the clash of opinions on the peasantry, is not even mentioned—and their entire treatment of Russia's relations to the outside world is therefore the least adequate part of the book. The judicious Webbs, moreover, always serene and Olympic, sprout prejudices when they come to the Comintern. Many of their bitter attacks on its ineptitude and inefficacy are correct. But surely nothing could be more comforting to the rankest reactionary than the assertion (p. 1111) that statements at Comintern meetings "compel foreign Governments to withdraw from friendly co-operation with the Soviet Government." More often than not these withdrawals are election manoeuvres. The Zinoviev "letter," and President Roosevelt's more recent protest about the last Comintern congress are two of numerous instances. The White House needed the protest for home consumption and therefore yelled loudly, but the British and other Governments reacted very mildly or not at all.

The Webbs' intolerance of the Comintern is perhaps a reflection of their own ideological dilemma. The U.S.S.R. is building a new civilisation, they maintain. They like it. They dilate on its advantages : it has abolished the profit-making motive and all its evils ; introduced planned economy which eliminates waste and "any conflict of interest in production" yet encourages consumers' choice ; established a social equality which transcends material inequality ; founded a new, highly representative form of government wherein "political science takes the place of the electioneering ballyhoo called politics in our Western States" ; enthroned science ; and smashed "Godism"—all of which supports the claim that Soviet Communism "is, in morals as well as in economics and political science, actually leading the world." They then juxtapose this picture with that of a "disintegrating capitalism" and bourgeois "decivilisation." The Webbs prefer Soviet Communism to what we have in the Western world. "Will Soviet Communism spread ?" they ask. "Yes, it will," they reply. "But how, when, where, with what modifications, and whether through violent revolution, or by peaceful penetration, or even by conscious imitation, are questions we cannot answer." This is honest but feeble. If part of humanity has evolved something better which the rest of humanity is prevented from adopting democratically by the "electioneering ballyhoo" of Western democracies and by the capitalists' threats to export their wealth or devaluate currencies, what is the way out ? How should this or some other Comintern go about it ? The Webbs do not answer this greatest of all questions. The Comintern is bankrupt. But maybe the socialist intellectuals are, too.

LOUIS FISCHER



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NEW NOVELS

READERS of this paper will wonder how I dare express an opinion on novels in this week's number, after Mr. Garnett's assessment of its value in the last. I wondered myself, as I read with horror the slightly distorted statement of my ideas which incomplete quotation always gives. Thus Mr. Garnett quotes : "our unfortunate novelist 'simply can't get at pugilists, gangsters, speakeasies, negroes' the only subjects which, apparently, are sufficiently fruity to be worth writing about"—and omits the end of my sentence "and even if he should, he would find them absolutely without the force and colour of the American equivalent." I am not discussing the absence of fruitiness, but the absence of variety, the limitation of experience open to the novelist in England. Mr. Garnett does not admit this. "There is no such thing," he says, "as thinness of material" and he goes on to mention *Flush* and *Simpson*, in my opinion the two weakest books of their creators, as examples of bricks made without straw. Surely it is not part of my "snobbish and preposterous nonsense" to call attention to this ? And why is it "snobbish" to admire the English of Hemingway and Dashiel Hammett and say that English novelists might imitate them for a change, instead of Virginia Woolf and Aldous Huxley ? And what is it but the climate that accounts, in the long run, for the difference between *Punch* and *The New Yorker* ? or for that fascinating literary territory, the Deep South, whence comes Mr. Garnett's favourite American novel, *The Ladies* ?

"A real story-teller does not have to write of homicidal lunatics* to keep us interested." This seems to me to bring out the very difference between Mr. Garnett and myself—he is talking about good books all the time. I am talking about bad ones. I have always maintained that, from the artistic point of view, English novels, the best, are better than American. It is on the question of readability that the lesser English novelists fall down. Mr. Garnett reviews one book a week, he thinks as a novelist, and ranges up and down the field of fiction with a novelist's time-sense. What use to me, on the other hand, in the dozen books I have to grapple with, is Mr. George Beaton, who has written one novel in forty-three years, Mr. E. M. Forster, whose last novel appeared in 1924, Mrs. Woolf whose last novel appeared in 1931 ? A thoroughly bad story-teller, I maintain, does have to write about homicidal lunatics to keep us interested, and that is the type of author I must deal with. Mr. Garnett is the sleek drawing-room cat who dips his whiskers in the cream of the week's literature. Need he bristle so at the yowling, down in the area, of his unfortunate alley friend, who is choking over an ashbin of fish-heads ?

All the same, it lends a spice to journalism. Whose turn will it be next ? Will it be my colleague who will be called upon to mind his P and his Q ? or will it spread through the whole paper ? One can imagine the announcement of some future supplement. Next week's number will contain "*An Open Letter to Y.Y.* by the City Editor," "*Caliban*, a pen-picture, by Sagittarius" and a pamphlet, *Who is Clive Bell ?* by the Vigilantes.

Now for the novels of this week. Once again there is nothing outstanding, nothing that deserves more than a shorter notice, and so I have included two recent French books. This does not mean that I think Miss Compton-Burnett would write better in

* Like Beany-Eye ?

"notoriously 'Christmas is coming'"

And we, like Mr. Garvin, though possibly for a different reason, view this event as an opportunity for serious study, " while there is yet time." For that reason, our Calendar which we have called **1936 (1)** consists of cartoons, drawn by young men of astringent comment on our rulers (perhaps if Mr. Herbert would glance at it he would see over the hedge to those of us who do not find that *Punch* ploughs our social furrows).

And also for that reason, again we put in the forefront a reminder of books we have advertised before: Marxist books. Marxism is sitting on your doorstep: in the profound comfort of your Christmas armchair you may like to pooh-pooh this; but as a constructive economic creed it is gaining hundreds of thousands of intelligent adherents every day; and you would do well enough to know something about it. *Anti-Dühring* **(2)**, for instance, is as alive and kicking to-day as it was at birth; and if you would know more of the way the world is moving and why it is moving as it is, you will read this succinct analysis of Marx. The main heads of the book are Philosophy, Economics, Socialism. Dühring himself, so far as we are concerned, can go climb a tree: it is what Engels has to say about him that matters to you With this, we suggest giving yourself the *Correspondence*. **(3)** However make up your library. **(4)** The comment of Marxism on the election result will be drawn by readers in their own way, but, for present discussions on future Labour policy we suggest *Left Wing Communism* and we have just published *Two Tactics of Social Democracy* and *The Proletarian Revolution* **(5)**.

Sorry to return to it again **(6)**, but if your future and that of your children is a matter of indifference to you, don't bother to buy a copy. Although you'll find as much excitement here as you would in an early Tweedsmuir: but if, on the contrary, it matters desperately to you, that, one by one, your liberties are being filched away, you might do worse than read this story of Capitalism in decay as told by Capitalist leaders. It's all one to us: history won't stop because you prefer to spend your money on a hot water bottle or toy train.

But, if being over forty and not much longer to trouble, you prefer the sherry, the children, now dragged into the crisis, should have the materials of judgment. In their own vernacular and style. For them we have the new Trease, *Call to Arms* **(7)**. A thriller, a story of war and what came of it, a glimpse of socialism. Not the book, on which you spend twice as much, of which you are ashamed but which you excuse by saying " of course, they're only young " . . . " When I was their age," etc. Well, sir, when you *were* their age there was no Trease. There's no " Toys of Peace " about this book.

Finally, two booklets which for simplicity, directness and hope make the crisis-Christmas worth facing. By two men who are to-day, now, changing the world. Stalin tells **(8)** of the building up of leaders in a socialist state, of the bringing out of initiative in this. Of why there is joyousness in Russia

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The December issue of *The Eye* is now at the press. For all progressive persons this issue (a double number) will be of great assistance for Christmas buying. The Gazette in it lists and shifts all current " left " books; we try to filter all the published books which might help you or us to understand the forces of the modern world If you have not already written us for a copy our address is below. Or ask your bookseller.

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7. CALL TO ARMS, Geoffrey Trease, 2s. 6d. His other works are: BOWS AGAINST THE BARONS, 1s.: COMRADES FOR THE CHARTER, 1s
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French. I have kept to the classification of last time. Yes, Yes, means worth borrowing—yes': better than nothing, or as the editor defines it, " for those who like their time dead, this will help to kill it."

Bucarest. By PAUL MORAND. *Plon.* 15 francs.

Yes, yes Extremely entertaining book about capital of newest, largest Balkan state. Less snobbish than his *Londres*. He gives a short history of Roumania and a detailed account of the capital, churches, museums, palaces, cafés, restaurants, and night-clubs. From this emerges the picture of a simple, slightly gimcrack city, in winter, with its sleds and snow-boots, resembling Warsaw and Moscow, in summer, hot, white, and dusty, with long white nights, almost Mediterranean. The people are gay, good-tempered : living cheap, food rather eccentric : the orient, gipsies, Turkish pastry, orthodox churches, peasant costumes all play a lively part. The author does not go into any political questions such as the Roumanian treatment of minorities or its ability to hold down its vast territory, except to note that French influence is very much on the wane and France politically unpopular. A very efficient escape-book for winter evenings. I have been to Bucarest, but, till I read this, had no idea I enjoyed it so much.

Le Temps du Mépris. By ANDRÉ MALRAUX. *Gallimard.* 10 francs.

Malraux is the leading French novelist of (dare I say it) the tough school. (Hemingway considered *La Condition Humaine* the greatest novel of the last few years.) He believes in a kind of mystic of revolution and violence, especially in the militant Communist who purges his soul of impurities and his intellect of hesitation and envy by drastic action. His last book is the account of a young agitator imprisoned by the Nazis. He is beaten up, left for nine days in dark solitary confinement. The book is a white-hot analysis of his state of mind in prison, and his ultimate escape written in language of high moral elevation. Book suffers, like Exupéry's *Vol de Nuit*, from too much altitude, too much bird's-eye view of humanity, pity and love for everything, and harrowing as the hero's experiences are, one cannot feel much sympathy for the world of vengeance and violence (all his reminiscences are of class-war massacres) in which he moves. Yes, yes, well worth reading, but overdone.

The Ventriloquist. By E. BELASYSE. *Peter Davies.* 7s. 6d.

Yes. A curious, rather passionate murder story about a pleasant young ventriloquist who falls in love with his landlady's daughter, drifts into bigamy, and takes the worst way out. Very plausible and rather flesh-creeping book, the characters and environment well-drawn, but the writing without distinction.

Depression Island. By UPTON SINCLAIR. *Werner Laurie.* 3s. 6d.

Yes. A play about three Americans marooned on a South Sea island. They adopt first socialism, then capitalism ; a slump ensues and over-production (of coconuts), a new deal starts, when three ultra-feminist lady scientists arrive and put the men in their places. Brisk, readable, rather slapstick comedy, marred by clumsiness of woman-satire and atrocious reproduction of a Cockney accent (" I down't loike yer ter look silly. Mike yer fire and get yer dyner ready.").

Tuesday Afternoon and Other Stories. By L. A. G. STRONG. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Yes. Tolerable train-reading, with one first-rate story, *The Imposition*, several amusing ones and some rather weak Celtic spook-stuff.

Out for a Million. By V. KRYMOV *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

Yes. Lively pre-revolution Russian comedy, first of a series of which the later volumes should be better, describing the efforts of an oafish young *nouveau riche* to make a rich marriage aided by the hero, his fortune-hunting cousin and tutor. An extraordinary and rather disreputable picture of pre-war Russia dignified by account of extraordinary sect of rich non-conformists called " The Old Believers."

They Blocked the Suez Canal. By A. D. DIVINE. *Methuen.* 3s. 6d.

Yes. A badly written thriller, with too involved a beginning, but quite exciting after the first chapters. Good Marseilles scenes and a certain odd piquancy, due to reading about desperate pacifist attempt to block the Suez Canal and save the League in terms of Bull Dog Drummond.

Playthings of Time. By ARNOLD ZWEIG. *Secker.* 7s. 6d.

No. Stories by the author of *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, who seems to have lost something in taking to journalism.

Answers to correspondents : " Puzzled," Uffington. The quotation :

" But on the breathless wings of Powysy
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards "

is from Keat's Ode to a Nightingale, not the Prophetic books. The lines

" There's a breathless hush in the close to-night
Ten to make and the last Ethel Manin ! "

are by Sir Henry Newbolt CYRIL CONNOLLY

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WISHART

individualist doctrine which Mr. Peck distinguishes in its two phases as "Early Classicism" and "Later Classicism." "Post-Classical Economics," he distinguishes for its tendency towards quantitative exactitude in the use of Marginism and a rigid pecuniary analysis of costs and values. Still later in doctrinal evolution comes what he terms "The Newer Capitalism," the chief change being a recognition of the larger scope of governmental activities alike in economic industralism and in control. Finally, he passes to discuss two phases, antagonistic to the dominant nineteenth century economics, the "Welfare Economics," which goes behind the pecuniary measurements to vital and qualitative values, and the different forms of collectivism which would substitute direct social economic government for what is now seen to be an obsolescent capitalism. Mr. Peck gives its proper due to the different theories, insisting however that their laws have little backing from "nature" and are essentially rationalisations of the dominant interests of the ruling class. In this light he discusses with great acuteness the concentration of the classical economists on production to the neglect alike of distribution and consumption, and the elimination of ethical standards from a science based on the assumption that the free play of personal interests must work out to the common good. Mr. Peck proves by convincing illustrations his thesis that the economic "laws" in each institutional epoch are the unconscious reflection of the dominating group interests of that epoch, though their lawgivers assign to them an objective and absolute validity. Even such catagories as rent, interest and profit would undergo a transformation of meaning in a collectivist economy.

Theoretical economics, according to Professor Knight, excludes all assessment of ends, values and motives. Man, the truly economic man, is thus to be regarded not as a rational being exercising choice and satisfying desires, still less as a moral being applying "ought" to his wants. The economic man is, strictly speaking, not a social being in any sense of that word. He is a competitive individual out for his own given ends. "The science takes its economic individual as a datum, in his three aspects of wants, resources and technical knowledge, ignoring all questions of his origin; and it abstracts from all his relations with other known beings, except those of the perfect market, which are really relative to commodities as such." With great subtlety Professor Knight discusses the place and utility of this science. Its obvious divergence from the reality of any actual economic situation or process he does not regard as detrimental. It stands to these situations and processes much as the still more abstract mathematics stands to the physical sciences, affording them great service in its "application." Though actual competition has neither the freedom nor the mobility, nor the individualism which the theoretic economist assumes, it can teach certain important economic truths, such as the high productivity that comes from extending the area of free exchange and every other enlargement of economic liberty. But economists who assume that economic behaviour can be handled in objective scientific terms alone are in error. Human wants, choices, purposes and ends always enter in and demand recognition. Since these are continually changing, no current economic problem can be treated as static to be handled by pure theory. Professor Knight is very interesting in his analysis of economic wants. He discounts, almost discards, the biological evolution of wants, insisting that man's economic conduct is not dominated by biological urges or activities but by socially desirables, "higher" or "better" wants. He carries this repudiation of the "biological" element far, not making adequate allowance for the subtler forms of sublimation.

In his treatment of the ethics of competition, in its bearing on the large issues of social-economic reconstruction, his bent, even bias, is conservative. Although in an early chapter he launches a devastating criticism of the defects of the actual competitive system with its waste, friction, monopoly, injustice and cruelty, in his final chapter discussing social self-direction, or State control over economic processes, he assumes a virtually *non possumus* attitude. An extremely acute criticism of democracy as a liberal nineteenth-century concept and ideal, badly discredited in recent history, leads to the conclusion that extensive and rapid reforms in the Socialist direction would worsen the political-economic situation. The notion that a nation out of its "common sense" can successfully carry out important structural changes he regards as "tragic nonsense." Though professing no sympathy with dictators, he considers strong leadership by some sort of recognised *élite* (even though such personal leadership cannot be disinterested) as a social necessity. All successful concerted action demands it. Every now and then Professor Knight turns for guidance to some mystical or intuitive power of a moral-religious order necessary for any true assessment of higher values.

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on a lake in British Columbia, selling trucks in Chicago, sailing from Holland to the Black Sea on rivers and canals, the Shetlands, whale-fishing, Connemara, Soviet Russia, the North-West Frontier, the Presidency of the American Association of Correspondents in London, and then the sack for having too "thoroughly absorbed the English point of view." That happens to our American visitors, but Farson absorbed the Soviet point of view equally thoroughly. He may like us—and does he hand us some worthwhile bouquets?—but he likes other people too. Obviously he is the sort of man you can't help being nice to, so he sees people at their best. Unless, of course, they are American diplomatists, who never show at their best except to Europeans. It's funny about Americans, the nicest ones usually don't appreciate one another, I've often noticed it. The wonder is that they have had only one Civil War.

Read this book, and if you don't like it, blame your parents, your school, your wife, your liver, the Freemasons, the Jesuits or the Jews. But don't blame Mr. Farson, for it won't be his fault.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE NAZI CHALLENGE

Darkness from the North. By ODETTE KEUN. *Brinton*, 102/5 Shoe Lane, E.C.4. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Arthur Wragg's excellent dust-cover of Odette Keun's *Darkness from the North* shows humanity walking along a swastika path away from the light, and Madame Keun's whole essay is designed to awaken the British public to the fact that the Nazi revolution is not a new experiment in Government or a way of keeping down Bolshevism, but a challenge to all the values and methods which we have learnt to associate with civilisation. She begins with an illuminating historical sketch in which she points out the permanent damage to Europe involved in the devastation of Germany in the Thirty Years War and traces the psychological effects of the fact that Germany was rebuilt by Prussian militarism. Her writing is vigorous and sometimes brilliant. Her analysis is Liberal, not Marxian, and she has an interesting and honest footnote in which she explains that as a person who suffered herself imprisonment in the cells of the Cheka she has no love for tyrannous Governments of any kind, but must

> take this opportunity of clearing up a point in connection with the Soviets, for I am often asked why I denounce Hitlerite Germany more strongly than I do the Bolsheviks—in spite of the fact that my experience of suffering in Russia was excruciating and unforgettable—whereas Nazism has not touched in any way my personal life. I am not in the slightest degree a Communist; I condemn a great many of the Bolshevist methods and I see how inadequate are their results. But though the Soviet regime was applied in a hideously brutal and clumsy manner, though terrible injustices occur in separate departments, though the Soviets fell short of their aims, I can understand and sympathise with, as a civilised and justice-loving individual, the Russian aspirations. They were, and are, aspirations to equality of opportunity, for the personal development of the human being and the collective welfare of the human species, perfectly regardless of the accidents of origin and race. Their essential objective was to give a chance to the disinherited of this earth—nine-tenths of us. This was a forward-looking policy in a class- and nation-ridden world. The essential objective of Nazism is to establish the supremacy and interests of *one tribe* over the rest of humanity—a retrogression of thousands of years.

This essay suffers from two limitations. Madame Keun sees the Nazi movement as an exclusively German product. She well understands, that is, the peculiarly German features of Hitler's Fascism, but because she is innocent of any adequate understanding of world economic development she fails to explain why Fascism should have arisen in different countries, why, for instance, something not so very dissimilar is threatened in civilised and democratic France. The second defect is that she is too easily contented with a good phrase, being willing to accept the generalisation that first comes to her facile pen. One could quote many instances of half-truths which if she had had more patience she might have developed into valuable ideas. She makes, for example, the rather trite comment that "the only lesson history teaches is that it teaches the human species no lesson at all." That, of course, is what one often feels. But it is obviously only half true. Some lessons have been learnt and applied. The interesting question which she might have pursued with advantage is why humanity which had learnt some very important lessons about the organisation of Society and the relationships of men and women should now appear anxious to unlearn them as fast as possible

CHEESE

A Little Book of Cheese. By OSBERT BURDETT. *Howe*. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Burdett, though, as he says, no more than an ordinary lover of cheese, has written an excellent little book about it which may have the valuable effect of rousing interest in our cheeses. They are the best in the world, but they are difficult to obtain because the best are only made locally. There is a real danger of one or two of the greatest cheeses dying out: Blue Vinny is in danger, and the best of all English cheese, Double Cottenham, is so local that Mr. Burdett has never heard of it, otherwise it would take pride of place between Wensleydale and Stilton in his book. It is like a richer, softer, mellower and damper Stilton. Mr. Burdett's book is an admirable introduction to the subject; and he has good advice to give about Stilton, Cheddar, Cheshire, and Double Gloucester. He has been luckier than I have with Leicester, which I have never found more than just eatable. On one or two points I can supplement his information: there is no edible native Irish cheese, and the Irish would not eat it if there were. Irish factory-made "Galtee" cheese is abominable. There is no tolerable American cheese either, and for the same reason; a settled civilisation of long standing is needed for making cheese. The culture of a country can be judged by its food and drink—and especially by its cheese. Cotherstone, which Mr. Burdett has never met, is wonderful. The "Cambridge Cheese," which we call Straw Cheese, is not a cream cheese but a fresh curd cheese, made in the fens and brought round with the first real summer weather. It is delicious with strawberries and white currants. A fresh Wensleydale is a good summer cheese; the best Wensleydale I have had was a dull green; we had it at Horton in Ribblesdale at the end of May, and it was ten months old.

Mr. Burdett gives excellent notes on all the foreign cheeses, but his book will have performed a very great service if it stirs up honest lovers of English cheese like Mr. Eliot and Sir John Squire to form a society, not so much for "the protection of Ancient Cheeses," as Mr. Eliot suggests, as for co-operation in obtaining the best cheeses for its members, and for spreading a

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DAVID GARNETT

THE HUXLEY JOURNALS

T. H. Huxley's Diary of the Voyage of H.M.S. Rattlesnake. By JULIAN HUXLEY. *Chatto and Windus.* 15s.

No higher praise can be given to this book than to say that it is an entirely worthy sequel to Huxley's biography which Dr. Leonard Huxley (his son) produced forty years ago; but the publication of Huxley's journal in his youth is enhanced by the complementary journal kept by his wife during the years of their engagement. Mrs. Huxley must have given invaluable aid to her son in preparing the biography, and it certainly is most mysterious that she could not find the journal after the move from London to Eastbourne in 1895. The Huxley journal contains the work on the strength of which he became an F.R.S. at an age which nowadays seems almost precocious; but apart from the scientific interest of the journal it shows his wonderful human charm and intellectual energy. That he should have been able to carry on even his scientific researches under the conditions of the *Rattlesnake* is astonishing in itself; but also to find time to teach himself Italian and plunge into the *Divina Commedia* is amazing. It is, however, interesting to observe that he is full of the mid-nineteenth-century superstition according to which German is more "soulful" than any other language. This perhaps represents the impression that German broad vowels made on the followers of the Romantic Movement.

The descriptions of the scenery are particularly good, as for instance, these words about Madeira:—

> Nature is a true tragedian—her most painful throes, her wildest struggles have all within them some element of beauty—even in death she covers her face, like Caesar, with a graceful mantle. So in this island, a huge monument of some awful volcanic phenomenon—made up of wild peaks with intervening deep gullies and ravines, often carrying within them clear evidence of the ravages of mountain torrents, Nature has so kindly and artistically arranged the various parts: has so softened the variegated brightness of the hills, with here a soft white cloud resting on its summit, here a deep unfathomable-looking valley, and there a patch of vegetation; putting in by way of frame a sky and sea of the bluest blue, and at times as it were in pure wanton sport half-decking, half-hiding the mountain scenery with rainbows, that the whole produces a soft and harmonious scene on which the eye dwells without tiring.

Coming to Miss Heathorn's letters there is an amusing appreciation of them by Huxley. "Your letters, although you write as I would have you, without calculation and carelessly, tumbling one thought above another, are always good—good simple Saxon expressing clearly your thoughts and feelings—and you are a capital hand at little bits of mischievous description." Her pursuits in 1849 are described by her grandson as follows: "She enjoys rowing and riding, and when the summer comes, goes down every morning to swim, in spite of it making her feel tired. She goes to balls whenever the opportunity offers, and dances all the evening. She attends Church every Sunday, and regularly comments on the sermon. She makes marmalade, cuts out dresses, goes mushroom-hunting, looks after the children." She was at that time very pious and was worried by Huxley not sharing her views. We are told that up to the age of fifty she went regularly to Church and took her children with her; but as from that age she had adopted the same position as her husband, except that she continued to believe in some supernatural regulation of the Universe.

It is a great pleasure to see Huxley's early sketches excellently reproduced and Mr. Julian Huxley's chapters in the book are worthy of his father and grandfather. It is perhaps a pity that some few pages could not have been found for Mrs. Huxley's best poems, one of which appeared in the *English Review* very soon after her death and was written within three months of her death. The only slip which I find in the book is that Mrs. Huxley died in 1914 and not 1915.

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The Times Handy Atlas. By JOHN BARTHOLOMEW. *Selfridge* 10s. 6d.

Eleven years ago Messrs. Gordon Selfridge reissued at 30s. *The Times Atlas*, which had been published four years previously at £10. It was a remarkable bargain; and the same is true of *The Times Handy Atlas*, published this time by Messrs. Selfridge themselves. It measures 9 ins. by 24 ins. by 2 ins. and unlike most of the comprehensive "handy" atlases it can easily be handled. Mr. John Bartholomew, who was responsible for editing the big atlas, has compressed the original 224 map pages to 114—chiefly by leaving out the physical maps; the index is also considerably shorter. For nearly all purposes this is the perfect middle-size atlas, as portable as most art books, and as easy to find one's way in as a dictionary. Admirably bound and printed—and look at the price!

Lectures on Political Economy. By KNUT WICKSELL. *Routledge* 8s. 6d.

In this second volume of his Lectures Professor Wicksell deals with Money, meaning by this term metal currency. Credit, by which most purchasing is done, he treats as a substitute for money, accelerating its real or virtual velocity. Though giving considerable space to banking and its credit issues, he leaves many of its phases for future treatment in sections upon agriculture, industry and trades. His underlying purpose is "A consistent presentation of the whole theory of money, unfortunately neglected hitherto by economists." This statement is somewhat surprising in view of the recent immense output of monetary theories and reform proposals. However, the three lengthy and well-informed chapters on "Currency," "Velocity of Circulation of Money" and "Exchange Value of Money" form much serviceable reading for those, an increasing number, who are disposed to find in pecuniary irregularities the principal causes of our present discontents.

The Naval Memoirs of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger T. Keyes. Scapa Flow to the Dover Straits, 1916-1918. *Thornton Butterworth.* 18s.

In this the second volume of his naval memoirs, Sir Roger Keyes continues his reminiscences, his outspoken criticisms, and his careful studies of the operations in which he was not personally engaged. He gives us a concise account of the Battle of Jutland, and his own interpretation of the facts, which unfortunately leaves the layman pretty much where he was—fallen between two schools. His view of the disasters to the battle cruisers is that they were due partly to the high inflammability and explosive power of our cordite, and partly to the theory upon which the ships were built, viz.: that, having the heels of their opponents, the long range of their heavy guns would enable them to keep out of range while inflicting serious damage upon the enemy. The low visibility in the North Sea exploded this theory very effectively. The best

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part of the book, however, is that devoted by Sir Roger to his Dover Command, in which he gives us exciting and critical accounts of the operations on the Belgian coast which did so much to counter the submarine menace. The book is well and fully illustrated and has many useful maps and diagrams.

Young Authors and Artists of 1935. Edited by STEPHEN KING-HALL. *Pearson.* 5s.

As editor of that very lively and unusual magazine *Mine*, Commander Stephen King-Hall found that he liked far more of the contributions than he could ever hope to print; and some of this material has been collected in *Young Authors and Artists of* 1935. The book is divided into three parts according to the ages of the authors: 0–11, 12–14, 15–18. Many of the contributions—stories, poems, essays, letters, how-to-do articles—are delightful, particularly in the first section, which suggests that the moods of very young children, when they sit down to write, are far more pliable than at a later age: the fairy tale about foxes, for example, by Valerie Chrystal (aged 7) is charming. The illustrations—some of them surprisingly good—have been chosen from a selection of the year's work provided by the Royal Drawing Society, which holds an annual exhibition of children's drawings. It is a book which all children—potential contributors to next year's number—will devour.

An Account of the Finances of the College of St. John the Evangelist in the University of Cambridge, 1511-1926. By HENRY FRASER HOWARD. *Cambridge University Press.* 21s.

It is a happy accident that the appearance of this financial history of St. John's coincided with the canonisation of John Fisher, who, under the Lady Margaret's will, was the virtual founder of the College. For if the major aim of the founders was strangely diverted, the fact that the College weathered the storm of the Reformation was due, as Sir Henry Howard points out, to the strength of the financial foundation so well and truly laid by Fisher. This is a financial history, but as of a country so of a college, the story of its economics will leave little of its sociology unrevealed, and as we follow Sir Henry's inquisition into the revenue and expenditure of St. John's we are given in little a panorama of life from the Middle Ages to the present day. For many years the main revenue was derived from agricultural lands, widely scattered, and consequently we become intimately acquainted with the structure of the Manorial system, with its ancient tenures, its rents in kind, and its "fines" that are really premiums on renewals, extensions, and transferences of tenures. We see this fine gradually become the substantial premium for a long lease of low rented property. We see the revenue rise and fall as agriculture prospers or is depressed. We note the ways in which the surpluses of any year were distributed to Masters, Bursars, Fellows and Scholars; and in which the balances were used to yield interest to the Bursars. And we see how, when the nation was prosperous and founders poured in, the things of the mind were advanced. The book in fact is as fascinating a footnote to history as the student could desire.

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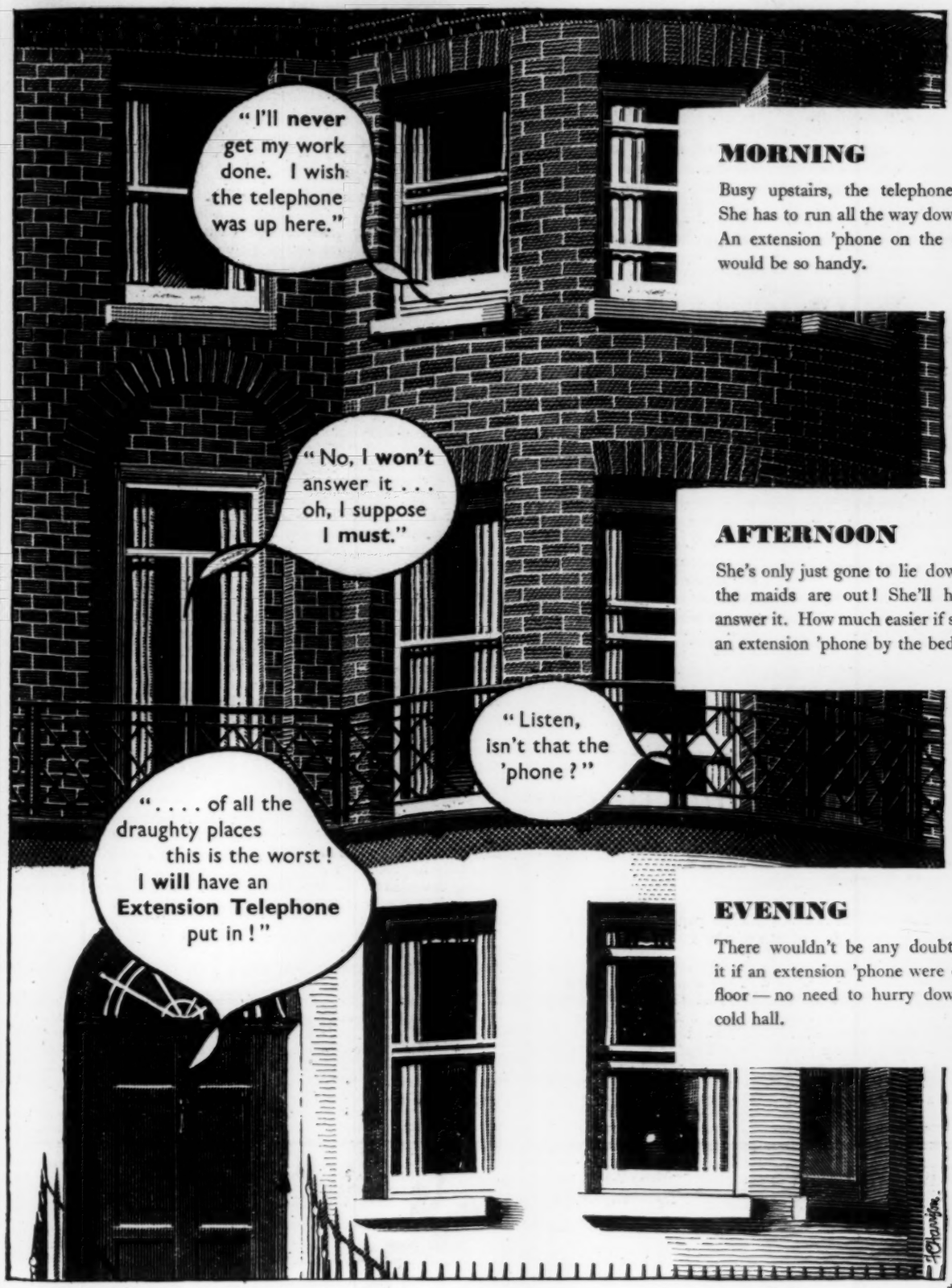
THE NEW ROADS

As everybody knows, part of the Government's pre-election window-dressing consisted of a promise to spend a hundred millions on new roads within five years. This promise is not necessarily significant, for an infinitely greater expenditure would result if it were possible to fulfil the original pledge and apply the entire income of the Road Board to road construction and road improvement. We may discover as time passes that the promise is comparatively meaningless. But if in fact this expenditure is surplus to the routine outlay, it will distribute traffic over a vastly increased area of roadway; and if the work is wisely planned it will reduce the element of "confusion" which is probably the main factor in traffic accidents. Wise planning is far more important than the release of vast sums for road building. The Kingston by-pass is an example of lavish expenditure. It consists of a very wide road with fine surface; and it confronts any timid and inexperienced driver with a frightful ordeal, especially at night. Numerous roads debouch into it at various points; its naked and unadorned width completely fails to shepherd the swift traffic into lanes of any kind; "confusion" and indecision occur a myriad times a day at all its junctions under conditions of perfect visibility; and any stranger who enters it on a wet night amidst a maze of glistening reflections and dazzling rays may be pardoned for wishing that he had approached London by rail. If this particular by-pass had been delayed till 1936 it would doubtless have been constructed to a very different specification. One may presume, with small fear of contradiction, that its main fairway would have been split into two separated "up" and "down" lanes, possibly divided by a strip of turf, perhaps adorned with a central dazzle-screen of quick-growing conifers on the German model. Each main lane might conceivably have been subdivided into two or more strips by black lines or other guides marked on the concrete. Cycle tracks would possibly have been added. At the junctions some form of control would almost certainly have been imposed. These might have been "automatic decelerators" such as the swan-neck twists introduced into some modern highways just short of a road junction; or one-way roundabouts; or robot lights. Probably the entire length of the by-pass would have been flood-lighted or glow-lighted on one of the modern systems which make 30 miles an hour a perfectly safe speed without the use of headlamps. If in addition the surface had been matt and light in colour, all black and glistening surfaces being definitely excluded, the special "confusion" element introduced by darkness and rain would have been reduced nearly to zero. This imaginary contrast serves to elucidate the difference between mere expenditure and intelligent expenditure. It identifies a most important principle; namely, that spaciousness, *per se*, accomplishes less than nothing towards reducing "confusion," but may even tend to enhance confusion. Another illustration with the same moral lies ready to hand. The Strand is being widened as occasion permits. The more we widen the Strand, the more pedestrians will suffer from "confusion" in their efforts to cross the Strand, unless we modify spaciousness by inserting a number of island refuges. Mere spaciousness on the roads is a nuisance and a peril. We must increase space as traffic increases; but we must simultaneously increase control, and control is actually weakened unless added space is split up into comparatively narrow lanes.

Some authorities hold that the wisest application of this £100,000,000 would be to spend the bulk of it on by-passing towns. Our road statistics have never been scientifically analysed, but it is almost certain that the urban areas produce the bulk of the accidents, and that these urban accidents are mainly due to congestion, because congestion enhances "confusion." There is only one cheap and practicable method of reducing congestion in urban roads, namely to free them as far as possible from *through* traffic; the cost of widening them is normally prohibitive. Jones sets out to motor from Brighton to Falmouth for a holiday. *En route* he passes through a number of ancient towns—Winchester, Salisbury, and Exeter. Each of these towns is literally choked with motor


"I'll never get my work done. I wish the telephone was up here."
"No, I won't answer it . . . oh, I suppose I must."
"Listen, isn't that the 'phone?"
". . . . of all the draughty places this is the worst! I will have an Extension Telephone put in!"

MORNING

Busy upstairs, the telephone rings. She has to run all the way downstairs. An extension 'phone on the landing would be so handy.

AFTERNOON

She's only just gone to lie down, and the maids are out! She'll have to answer it. How much easier if she had an extension 'phone by the bedside.

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traffic during August, and much of this traffic consists of tourists passing impatiently through on their journey west. Many of the citizens of these towns loathe the idea of by-passes, and obstruct them by every means in their power. The local hotel-keepers hope to sell meals to tourists, the local garages desire to sell petrol and supplies. But if the narrow-streeted centres of these three towns are by-passed (two are actually in process of being by-passed at the moment), congestion in them will be reduced, "confusion" will be mitigated, and the accident statistics will reveal a comforting drop. If analysis of the statistics proved that (say) 75 per cent. of the road accidents occurred in urban areas, the by-passing of all large towns and cities would infallibly protect life and limb by switching "through" traffic elsewhere. If these by-passes were as poorly planned as the Kingston by-pass, with its vast spaces and uncontrolled road junctions, the accidents might merely be transferred from the centres of such towns to the by-passes which would encircle them. But if the by-passes were scientifically laid out, the accidents would be largely eliminated.

As soon as this task is complete, the next step would perhaps be to widen a number of main roads which are at present too narrow for the burdens which they bear, avoiding throughout the recent blunder of regarding spaciousness and safety as synonyms, and splitting these wider roads into "up" and "down" lanes, each again subdivided by black lines or other convenient devices into "fast" and "slow" lanes, which in turn—when traffic is light—serve as "progress" and "overtaking" lanes.

While the Ministry of Transport organise this projected expenditure, they should further consider devoting part of the money to providing urban car parks. At present most towns, persuaded by the cupidity of their shopkeepers, insist on regarding their streets as their car parks, with the inevitable result that from a half to two-thirds of the width of their main streets is actually employed for parking instead of for traffic in constant motion. The problem varies with the locality. In some areas it can only be solved by unilateral street parking, the side varying from day to day as at Chichester; in other areas all street parking should be prohibited and car parks should be constructed; in others, again, a one-way system (such as has been improvised at Horsham) is essential.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 299

Set by Roger Marvell

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a General Knowledge paper. Answers to be given and entries not to exceed 400 words.

RULES

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Dec. 13.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 297

Set by Hamish Miles

In the year 1995 a brisk young novelist, not always too accurate in matters of detail, is embarking on a long family-saga novel, the first chapters of which are set in the far-off nineteen-thirties, *either* in a Sussex manor-house, *or* in a ribbon-developed building estate of the time. He is anxious to strike a rich, unmistakable "period" note on page 1 of Chapter I, and does his best. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a passage of not more than 300 words from his opening page, dealing with one or the other. It need not be supposed that the English language has meanwhile become unrecognisable, in spelling or syntax.

Report by Hamish Miles

Sussex or suburbia, there is no doubt that competitors here made up their minds that the proper "period" note for 1935 was sudden death on the roads. Most of the entries contained references to this, and five made narrow escapes of beautiful maidens their opening incident. This state of Traffic-consciousness should be highly gratifying to the Ministry of Transport. Apart from this, the most conspicuous feature was the depth of feeling in those entries which came from addresses in the outer ring of London suburbs: their evocations of jerry-building and long-distance instalment payments palpitated with dark resentment.

Only T. E. Casson caught the broad, leisurely, rhetorical style in which a family saga generally gets into motion, and his rich verbalism is a curious forecast of English prose developments. It deserves an ample quotation:

"Rother twines like a silken lock upon the hairy scalp amid the woods and wolds that form the chalk-white skull of Sussex. The stream, with slow toil, makes its tangled way through the salty marshes of the South Saxons-marshes best known to the yeoman and hinds about for the infliction of fluke in sheep; and so comes down at length to where Winchelsea stands out on its speckled dune, and turns over in its aged brain the picture-book of dragons azure and gules which put to sea on the dromounds and carracks of the Third Edward, like a tassel gentle lured to Bordeaux by the sops in wine of the Gascon. On Rother's banks the wind-mills turn their wooden dactyls about in the moist must-laden breeze, clacking like hexameters of unskilled Ennius."

But his appeal was mainly stylistic. The right degree of wrongness was caught by Olwen Lawton with her Lord Dashington: "'James! James!' he called to his butler, who was standing obeisantly at his elbow, dressed in white silk tights. 'Saddle my hunter! Demme—I must do me dooty. I must join the hunt!'" And E.A.S. had a pleasing comment: "In fact, the rapid building of two millions or so of these houses was actually boasted of in the warmest terms by the Government composed of Tories, or Do-Hards, then in power."

But, reluctantly setting aside these three, with E. Kemp and R. Waughburton as well, I should recommend the prizes to go to, first, T. Naisby, and second, "Correct Contact."

FIRST PRIZE

Thomas Clutt was a civil servant, of the yeoman class. He lived in a "depressed area," as distinct from the "compressed areas" or "slums" which were so much admired in the picturesque England of yester-year. Thomas was a leading member of the Building Society—that bold organisation which, reverting to the classical from the romantic, determined to make of England one large town.

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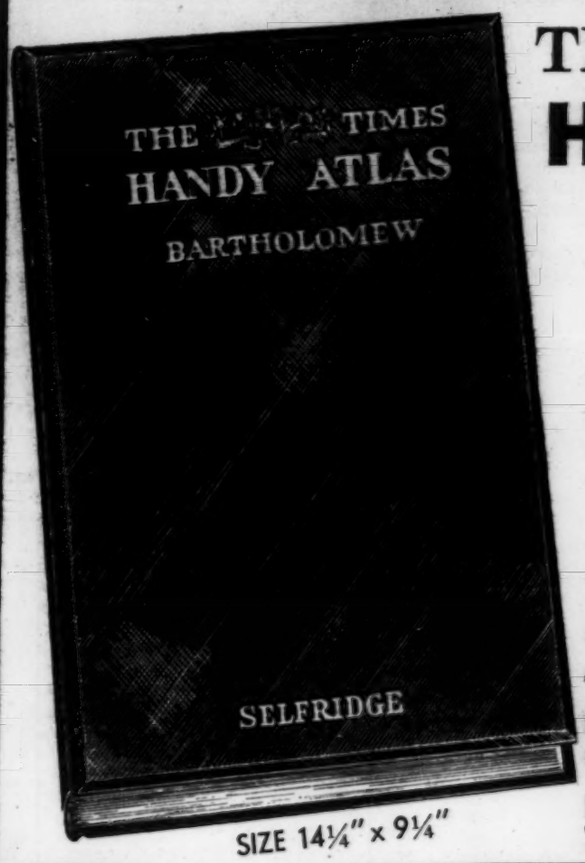

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Each member, of course, built his own house. Thomas, with his five sons and four daughters, had planned and constructed the house entirely to his own taste, without interference from anybody, and now he presided at the family table while the faithful old retainer plied the groaning boards with more victuals.

The same scene could have been witnessed in any of the houses which flanked his own. Long rows of bungalows and semi-detached establishments, erected by individual craftsmen or by the numerous Public Assistance Committees, all gave evidence that the thirties had left behind the grim memories of war and were awaiting the future with hope and faith.

They had evolved from the feudal nebulae of the Middle Ages a new and distinctive structure of society, and they were passing beyond the mere municipal mentality. The home town was no longer the place where men lived closer together than ever before. It was now a unit in that ever-extending chain of civilised life which was rapidly covering the country. Only a few years before there had been here a desolate, uneven, country lane. Now, there was "Mon Repos," with garage attached, and Thomas Clutt at the head of the family table.

He finished the evening prayer, and picked up the evening paper. There was silence while he read. . . .

T. NAISBY

SECOND PRIZE

High summer was settled over Sussex; the heavy oaks of the weald rooted into the thirsty clay. At dawn one wakened to the baying of hounds,* and by noon the stag would be down, bleeding in the thick green coverts. Old Sir James with the tall virgin, his daughter Countess Angela, dismounted; village proletarians in smocks and breeches came running with great mugs of the famous Sussex cider. The old man twitched aside his hunting-horn and gold-mounted dagger, and drank, among the prancing of his coal-black hounds. The Countess frowned a little; earlier in the day her horse had knocked down a proletarian, one of the keepers of her father's corn-fed grouse. Was he dead? Perhaps. No matter. They rode back to the Manor house, neo-Gothic of the purest, bowered in roses, a magnificent early pylon rising behind, its concrete yet flawless. Angela looked up thoughtfully at the brick-work which had sheltered three generations of her forefathers; so beautiful! In the hall, under the shade of the graceful aspidistra, symbol of aristocracy, lay copies of the great English newspapers, *John Bull* and *Weldon's*; she fingered them, half turning in homage towards the splendid Georgian oil-painting of the leader, Baldwin, which stood in the place of honour over the fireplace, as in so many noble English houses. Angela herself was all English, all Baldwin, from her locknit undies to her Celanese riding dress, colour printed with running stags and a few appropriate lines from young Auden, already known as the poet of the chase. Her father, with a stamp of his boot, summoned more alcohol, drank deeply and stood in his doorway, sunning himself and humming the Sussex folk-song, "Beer is Best." . . .

"CORRECT CONTACT"

* Dogs.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 154.—THE DAREDEVILS

Several readers have asked for a cipher. Here's a fairly simple one.

"Look at this," said Professor Toop. He handed me a paper bearing the figures:

1,545,355

"What is it?"

"That's what I'm wondering. It's a password in code—that's all I can tell you. My kid is a member of a secret society called the Daredevils, and he left the thing lying about. Look at the other side:

"NEXT WENDESDAY TO COMMEMMERATE THE EIGTH ANNAVERSARY OF THE DAREDEVILS THERE WILL BE A SPESIAL OCTENNARY CELEBRATION. MEET AT HEDQUARTERS AT EIGHT. PASSWORD (IN CYPHER) OVERLEAF."

What is the Daredevils' password?

PROBLEM 152.—THE HOGGENHEIMER LEGACY

There were 41 legatees in all.

I am astounded at the number of competitors who have solved this comparatively difficult problem—as also at the number who, having solved the problem in principle, have made mistakes in simple arithmetic.

(1) The first portion of the legacy obviously consists of 33 units of £100,000 each. 33 can be partitioned into 7 different numbers in 7 different ways:

1	2	3	4	5	6	12
1	2	3	4	5	7	11
1	2	3	4	5	8	10
1	2	3	4	6	7	10
1	2	3	5	6	7	9
1	2	4	5	6	7	8
1	2	3	4	6	8	9

This gives us 7 legatees.

(2) The second problem is, in effect, to convert 10,000,000 into the scale of seven. This is equal to 150,666,343. *I.e.*, there are:

1 legacy of	£5,764,801	.. .. ..	£5,764,801
5 legacies of	823,543	.. .. ..	4,117,715
6 „	16,807	.. .. ..	100,842
6 „	2,401	.. .. ..	14,406
6 „	343	.. .. ..	2,058
3 „	49	.. .. ..	147
4 „	7	.. .. ..	28
3 „	1	.. .. ..	3
		Total ..	£10,000,000

Hence there are here:

1 + 5 + 6 + 6 + 6 + 3 + 4 + 3 legacies, or 34 in all.

PROBLEM 151.—LEGGE-PULLAR'S MAJORITY

A set of Low's cartoons goes to F. C. Evenson, Casanova, 197 Entlo, Barcelona, Spain.

TO SOLVERS.

I have for disposal a limited number of copies of the *Sphinx Problem Book*, published a year ago, at 4s. each (published price 6s.). This book might make an acceptable Christmas present for solvers or their friends. Applications for copies should be addressed to me.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

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THE CANCER PROBLEM

TO the average man who is not a statistician it means little or nothing to be told that cancer mortality claims 0.15 per cent. of the total population of the country every year. It comes a little nearer home when it is explained that this percentage means that 61,572 people die of cancer every year in England and Wales alone.

And it does not claim only the aged and infirm, who may be regarded as having passed their period of usefulness to the community at large. It takes those in the full maturity of life—the mother just getting interested in launching her sons and daughters into life; the politician about to take high office; the business man at the zenith of his success; or the working man with an expensive growing family to maintain. The social and economic problems produced by the toll that cancer takes cannot, therefore, be exaggerated.

There is no room for reasonable doubt that the discovery of the cause and cure of cancer will come—but it won't come as a flash of inspiration in a moment. It will come as the result of long continued, laborious and exacting work such as is carried on at the Research Institute of the Cancer Hospital.

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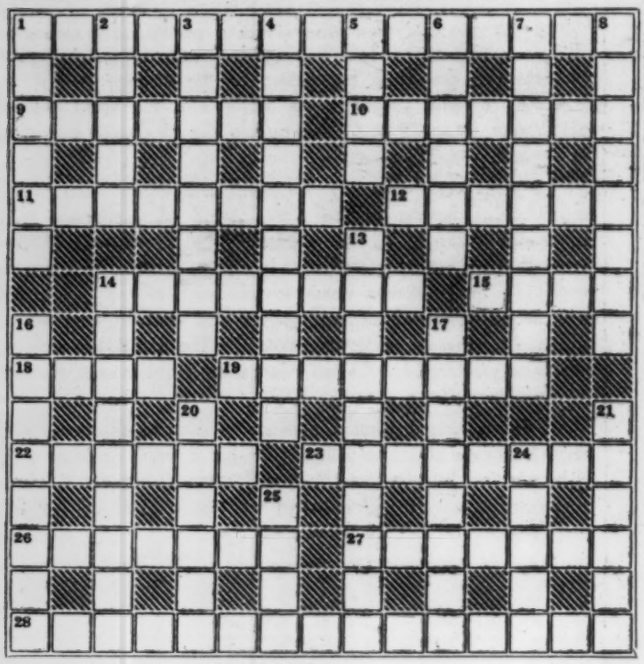

Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
C. Randolph Smith, Ardfardach, Bridge of Allan, Stirlingshire.

ACROSS.

1. Many cheer it as it gives performances for good causes.
9. Get a nut to fit this.
10. It surely was well and truly laid.
11. Provides thoughtless leisure no doubt.
12. How to make a call without paying it.
14. Is this how brides treat dresses they go off in?
15. Top dressing so to speak.
18. The part of the wheatsheaf that gives sustenance.
19. What to wear on a Gilbertian cruise?
22. "We'll set thee to —— to an ant."
23. Rue split up with a spade.
26. Killed with a binder.
27. Intends to put on.
28. A sweeper of current uses.

DOWN.

1. Carve chanticleer's head in makeshift Indian fashion.
2. A star among stars.
3. The fellow who nearly gets the bull?
4. This used to be Alexander's kingdom.
5. Nowadays she would no doubt have been named the Quest.
6. Finishing state of the laundress?
7. Swamp that seems to promise a perpetual passage through the wood.
8. This does not indicate where to get the mail.
13. A fit person, yet not A.1.
14. Barristers do it for fear of third party risks.
16. Bees fail to be practical.
17. Lear made it rime.
20. Motoring headdress.
21. The evil to select.
24. A fuss over the Navy.
25. St. Wilfrid's chaplain, according to Kipling.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

N	I	B	B	L	E	R	■	S	A	P	P	E	R	S
O	■	A	■	E	■	A	■	A	■	R	■	N	■	U
W	A	R	R	A	N	T	O	F	F	I	C	E	R	S
H	■	R	■	C	■	A	■	E	■	M	■	M	■	P
E	V	A	L	U	A	T	E	S	■	E	X	I	L	E
R	■	C	■	E	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	E	■	C
E	S	K	A	R	■	A	G	A	G	■	I	S	N	T
■	■	■	■	S	■	S	■	T	■	C	■	■	■	■
T	A	G	S	■	B	Y	E	S	■	O	A	R	E	D
R	■	A	■	■	■	O	■	■	■	R	■	A	■	R
O	U	T	E	R	■	U	N	D	E	R	F	I	R	E
O	■	L	■	E	■	W	■	I	■	I	■	D	■	S
P	R	I	V	A	T	E	S	O	L	D	I	E	R	S
E	■	N	■	V	■	R	■	T	■	O	■	R	■	E
R	E	G	R	E	D	E	■	A	R	R	E	S	T	S

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INDIAN student requires exclusive board-residence near heath or park: good payment if suitable. Box 990, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

ENGLISH MISTRESS—interested in psychology—desires small share in girls' school. Home counties. Box 988, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

RESIDENT morning job with children required, where Montessori principles could be applied. Trained nursery nurse. Food reform. 10s. weekly. Box 989, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE PRISON COMMISSIONERS are prepared to receive applications for the post of HOUSE-MISTRESS, CLASS II, at H.M. PRISON, HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N.7.

Candidates should be women who have had secondary school or University education. They should be between the ages of 25 and 35, and should be physically fit.

It is of primary importance that they should have had experience of dealing with the more difficult type of working-class women and girls and should be actuated by a keen desire to help them. The selected candidate will be required to take part in the administration of the establishment, and to organise recreation. A knowledge of handicrafts would be of assistance.

The initial appointment will be on an unestablished basis, the salary being at the rate of £200 per annum; but after a period of not less than one year nor more than three years the holder will be eligible for consideration for established appointment.

Free unfurnished accommodation or a cash allowance in lieu is provided, also medical attention and medicines under the approved regulations.

Established service is pensionable, and half the unestablished service if followed by established service may count for pension purposes.

Forms of application can be obtained from the SECRETARY, Prison Commission, Home Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

Completed forms must reach the Secretary by December 31st, 1935.

THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN.

Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position at a salary of £150 per annum. Candidates must have good experience of classification and cataloguing and should be proficient typists.

The possession of professional certificates or their equivalent is essential.

Applications, accompanied by not more than three testimonials, should be sent to the undersigned not later than December 18th, 1935.

W. M. GIBBONS,
Registrar.

ST. HILDA'S COLLEGE, Oxford. The College will shortly appoint a resident Domestic Bursar to enter upon her duties in August, 1936. Experience is essential and a degree or training is desirable. Further information can be obtained from the PRINCIPAL, to whom applications should be sent by January 11th, 1936.

OXFORD, Lady Margaret Hall. Applications are invited for a resident Research Fellowship of the value of £300 a year, tenable for three years from October, 1936.

Applications should be sent before Jan. 15th. Further particulars from the HALL SECRETARY.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

Assistant for Historical Research Work, etc., required in Department of Clerk of the Council. Salary £235–£15–£325. The appointment is a temporary one, but may subsequently be made permanent. Candidates should be able to read court and cursive hands (particularly 16th and 18th centuries), should have working knowledge of mediaeval Latin, of abbreviations used in manuscripts, and of diplomatic formulae, and some knowledge of the more important sources of historical information. Application must be on form, obtainable (with full particulars) by sending stamped addressed foolscap envelope (marked "Historical Research Assistant") to CLERK OF THE COUNCIL, County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Completed applications must be returned by 30th December, 1935. Canvassing disqualifies.

LANCASHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY.
Prescot Branch.

An Assistant-in-Charge is required for the Prescot Branch of the Lancashire County Library; salary £150–£10–£200. Candidates must have completed the course for the Diploma of the Library Association or of the School of Librarianship. Applications, accompanied by copies of three testimonials, must reach the DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION, County Offices, Preston, by the first post on December 14th.

PROFESSOR and Mrs. J. B. S. Haldane wish to recommend Miss A. M. Watson, of 60, St. Aidans Road, S.E.22, for Scientific and Literary secretarial work.

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17th: "PATRIOTISM OLD AND NEW," BY G. S. SANDILANDS.

Cora Hotel, 12, Upper Woburn Place, London, W.C.1.
8.30 p.m. Admission 1/-.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE GOVERNMENT'S CHEEK TO GILT-EDGED MARKET—SUCCESS AND 3 PER CENT LOCAL LOANS—HOME CORPORATION LOANS —AMERICAN INVESTMENT SUGGESTIONS

PUFFED up by its success at the polls, the Government felt bold enough this week to cheek the gilt-edged market. At four o'clock on Monday the Government broker asked the gilt-edged market to close their books pending the announcement of a Government loan over the wireless. Their curiosity turned into amazement when the dealers heard the terms—£200 millions of 2½ per cent. Funding Loan, 1956–61, at 96½ and £100 millions of 1 per cent. Treasury Bonds, 1939–41, at 98! Many of the dealers must have regretted that they had not voted Labour. In view of the international crisis the market was unfortunately short of stock, and some sharp rises were seen on covering—notably 2⅝ points in 2½ per cent. Consols. Perhaps a little buying from the Government Departments will soon adjust prices to the terms of the new loans, but, as the following table indicates, a 20-25 year loan yielding £2 11s. 9d. per cent. is pretty steep:

	Price.	Yield %. Flat.	Yield %. Gross Redemption.
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
2½% Funding Loan, 1956–61 ..	96½	2 11 9	2 13 10
2½% Conversion, 1944–49 ..	102	2 9 3	2 6 0
2½% London Electric Transport, 1950–55	97⅞	2 11 3	2 13 3
3% Funding, 1959–69	103¼	2 18 3	2 16 3 (1959)
4% Victory Bonds (average term 24 years)	116	3 9 6	3 1 3
4% Consols (1957 or after) ..	116	3 9 6	3 0 9 (1957)
2½% Consols	86⅝xd	2 17 9	—
1% Treasury Bonds, 1939/41 .	98	1 0 5	1 8 5
4½% Conversion, 1940/44 ..	111¼xd	4 0 6	1 16 0 (1940)
5% Conversion, 1944/64 ..	121	4 3 0	2 3 3

Stocks at a discount are always popular and no doubt trustees (public and private), the joint stock banks and Government departments will ensure subscription to the 2½ per cent. Funding Loan. But who does not believe that this stock will be standing at a bigger discount before twenty years have run?

* * *

The Treasury is to be congratulated on a clever piece of financing. It is always fanatically keen to convert short-term debt into long-term debt at no appreciable extra cost. In this case it is paying off £150 millions of 2 per cent. Treasury Bonds, 1935/38 (on March 2nd next) and £44 millions of 3 per cent. Treasury Bonds, 1933/42 (on April 19th next), and it will have new money available for emergencies or for the reduction of the floating debt to the extent of £92 millions or £53 millions if allowance is made for the repayment of £44 millions of 3 per cent. Treasury Bonds, 1933/42, last April, for which no special provision had been made. It has been said that the new money raised by the Treasury will be for defence, but it is obvious that the Government will not decide upon the extent of its defence expenditures until the Naval Conference has reached its decisions (if any). In any case, defence expenditures will have to be gradual—£250 millions spread over five years is one suggestion. The Treasury is not committed to any specific public works except the guaranteed railway loan for £30 millions which will be raised by a special financing body on the lines of London Electric Transport. I need not mention the vague promise to spend £100 millions on roads, which may not involve any additional commitment for the Treasury. The Commissioner for the Distressed Areas, I am told, has now been promised any money that he wants, but the amounts are not likely to be large. The Treasury is therefore not in the least dependent on the good favour of the gilt-edged market. In fact, the market is entirely at the mercy of the Treasury, and not even the joint stock banks can afford to sulk. Whether it is a wise policy for the Treasury to cancel floating debt and so contract the cash base of the joint stock banks (who will be weakening themselves by substituting long-term for short-term investments) depends upon whether the Bank of England can be relied upon to come to the rescue of the joint stock banks if the occasion arises. If the Treasury has Mr. Montagu Norman as much under control as the gilt-edged market all may be well.

Assuming that the market accepts the terms of the new loans further appreciation should be enjoyed by some of the 3 per cent. Home Corporation loans. Sunderland, which can boast of a football team at the head of the League and a depressed area at the head of the list for Government support, recently made an issue of 3 per cent. stock dated 1955/58 at 99¼. It can be purchased to-day at 99¾. Brighton followed with a 3 per cent. stock, 1955/58, issued at 101, which can now be purchased at 101⅜ to yield £2 18s. 9d. per cent. or £2 17s. 6d. per cent. to redemption. No doubt Brighton offers better security than Sunderland, but there can only be a fractional difference in the credit standing of municipalities which have never defaulted and which would not be allowed to default. An improvement in Home Corporation credit following on the rise in British Government funds will inevitably bring up the question of the calling of the £429 millions 3 per cent. Local Loans which are at present quoted at 96½ to yield £3 2s. 3d. per cent. It is significant that the Government broker should be purchasing Local Loans stock for the Local Loans fund out of the proceeds of repayments by local authorities (repayments being in excess of new borrowings). The fact is that the small local authorities have no need to borrow from the Local Loans fund: they can obtain privately all the money they want at 3 per cent. to 3⅛ per cent. provided they offer a fixed date of redemption not too far ahead. Some months ago, it may be recalled, Glasgow scandalised the City by issuing private mortgages on better terms than were offered by the new issue market. The point has now been reached when the Government agency formed to provide cheap credit facilities for small local authorities is being superseded by private capital. It is high time that the 3 per cent. Local Loans were called at par and replaced by 2 per cent. or 2½ per cent. loans carrying varying dates of redemption.

* * *

Exigencies of space force me to postpone till next week my American investment suggestions. Figures will be given, showing that the increase in earnings of selected companies in the electrical equipment, machinery, oil and metal industries in the first nine months of this year favour an investment, *inter alia*, in Westinghouse Electric, Caterpillar Tractor, Phillips Petroleum and Anaconda. The last-named is fast becoming the "star-turn" of Wall Street.

DURING the past quarter of a century the shares of the leading British Insurance companies have, on the average, doubled in value every ten years. Over the same period the average return to the investor in dividends received and capital appreciation realised on the shares included in the Trust of Insurance Shares has been equivalent to a yield of over *11 per cent. per annum, free of income tax.*

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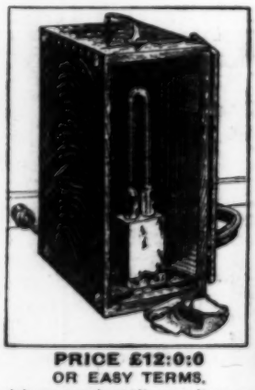

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Rails, Motors, Aviation, Shipping	7·0%	Foodstuffs & Household Utilities	8·6%
Newspaper, Newsprint, etc.	4·8%	Textiles	3·4%
		Gold Mining	8·5%
		Proprietary Articles	3·5%
		Cinemas	2·2%
		Miscellaneous	9·9%

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"If Cancer Research is persisted in, I think we may have no doubt that some day the problem of the cause of Cancer will be solved as the problem of the cause of that other fell disease, tubercle, was solved some years ago."

(The Rt. Hon. Lord Dawson of Penn, Vice-Chairman, British Empire Cancer Campaign, at the Annual General Meeting.)

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are most truly served by constant efforts to extend the Kingdom of God.

The aim of the C.C.C.S. is to do this among our own people overseas. In Western Canada some of the prairie parsons are in charge of parishes covering an area of 8,000 square miles.

"What can the people do for themselves?" is often asked. Nothing, in a material way. Many are receiving Government relief, and those who are not are absolutely devoid of anything but the bare necessities of life. They are not able to give any financial assistance, and must depend upon outside help for their spiritual ministrations. These people are willing to give of their time and labour, as in the case of the erection of the Moose Lake Church.

—Vide "Greater Britain Messenger," November—December, 1935.

The C.C.C.S. makes grants to many dioceses, but, unfortunateiy, these grants are still inadequate to meet the greatness of the need.

Will you send a gift to-day to:—
The Secretary,

THE COLONIAL AND CONTINENTAL CHURCH SOCIETY

9 Serjeants' Inn, Fleet St., London, E.C.4

"WHAT I SPENT I HAD WHAT I SAVED I LOST WHAT I GAVE I HAVE"

THERE is happily one Season in the year, when the idea of unmerited suffering, especially that which money can remove or alleviate, is sharply repugnant to us all. Every Society or Institution that administers to the poor knows from long experience that as Christmas draws near a spirit of kindness is abroad. Hence the appeals for help; appeals so wide and for such varied objects, each in its way so admirable and desirable, that never yet has response been denied. So once again they ask, knowing full well that as they ask so it will be given them.

THE CHURCH ARMY

The Church Army in issuing its annual Christmas Appeal evokes the Dickens spirit, and, perhaps, there is none better when what we have to consider is the plight of the destitute and hungry during the season of good cheer. The Army gives its usual Institutional dinners to those who are homeless, and a gift of £10 will provide a spread for a hundred poor people; but whenever possible the Army prefers to distribute parcels so that families may enjoy their Christmas together. It is a merit of the Army's work that it aims not only at the immediate relief of destitution, but also at the rehabilitation of those who seek its help. No tests are applied; only the need is considered. There is food and a bed for the down-and-out for one, two, or three nights. But the recipient of help who proves unable or unwilling to secure work is presently passed on to the Army's Institutions, where those who are willing can at least earn their keep. Thus there is no pauperisation. Perhaps the finest work of the Army is that of the rescue of boys from vicious surroundings. The Army has now four hostels for boys on the tramp for work, in the East, West, North and South of London, where they are cared for and put in the way of jobs which at the moment are generally forthcoming. At Christmas the expenses are naturally augmented and the charitable may rest assured that all donations sent to Prebendary Carlile at the Church Army's Headquarters, 55 Bryanston Street, will be well bestowed.

FRIENDS' INTERNATIONAL SERVICE

Readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION do not need to be assured of the value of the work for peace which the Society of Friends is persistently carrying on throughout the world. The "Quaker Embassy" is one whose singleness of purpose no government questions; hence not only does it improve international relations, it can and does tend to the amelioration of internal strife, for the reason that no one ever suspects an Appeal addressed by the Society of any ulterior motive. As an illustration of this reliance, the Friends' Centre at Vienna was allowed by Dr. Dollfuss to administer a fund raised by the International Trade Union Movement for the sufferers in the Civil War. It is not, however, on such especial work that the Service stands, but upon its general work in the cause of peace and goodwill, which makes the Friends' Service Council a liaison body for the bringing together of friends of peace the world over. Than this there could be no more valuable service at the moment; and as the long-drawn-out depression of trade, with the resulting confusion of the exchange...

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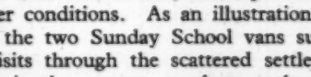
has increased the needs and crippled the resources of all such bodies, he who gives now may very literally be giving twice to a cause towards which we are all friends to-day. Donors may choose to which particular service, Continental or in the East, they wish their gifts to go. Donations should be addressed to Friends' Service Council, Friend's House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

The time has long gone by when it was objected against this admirable and unhappily necessary Society that it was given to undue interference with parental rights. The day, too, has long gone by when prosecution of offenders against their children was rather a rule than an exception. The Society has been accepted by the nation as a most valuable institution; more, it has been accepted by many a poor parent as advisor and helper. Prosecutions represent but one per cent. of cases dealt with; a warning in the vast majority of instances suffices; and, best testimony of all to the work of the Society, last year 8,000 parents came of their own initiative for advice. Nevertheless, excellently as the public is now reacting to the Society's services, there is still cause for the keenest vigilance of the Inspectors, voluntary workers, and all members of the community. Latterly the Society has been perturbed by an increase of violence to children, which is ascribable, it is believed, to the fraying of nerves caused by the industrial depression. Happily it is those who ill-treat children who respond most readily to the Society's admonitions; the worst offenders are those who systematically neglect them. As the work of the Society increases—it includes to-day the bringing of parents into touch with the many associations which administer to the needs of the poor—money is urgently needed. Donations should be sent to The Director of the Society, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

COLONIAL AND CONTINENTAL CHURCH SOCIETY

The Annual Report of this famous Society, which has done so much towards the provision of religious facilities throughout the Empire and among the British Communities of the Continent, emphasises the need for financial support so that there may be no falling off in its Missionary work, particularly in the outlying areas. The Society also brings to the notice of its supporters the especial need of the Diocese of Saskatoon, in the Province of Saskatchewan, where owing to the drought "there has been no harvest to speak of for four years." Deprived of their main source of income and with a large percentage of their number on relief, the people have scarcely anything to give for the support of the Missionary Clergy; and it is to the Society they must look to tide them over their time of trial, and to prevent things slipping back into pioneer conditions. As an illustration of the work of such a diocese, the two Sunday School vans supported by the Society make visits through the scattered settlements, reaching each about once in three years; and more than 6,000 children are dependent upon Sunday School by Post for religious instruction. More clergy are needed, and more churches, and only those who know the civilising value of religious centres, especially in times of stress, can understand the importance of supporting the Society in its work here as elsewhere throughout its world-wide field. The office of the Society is at 9, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, E.C.4, and there all donations should be sent.



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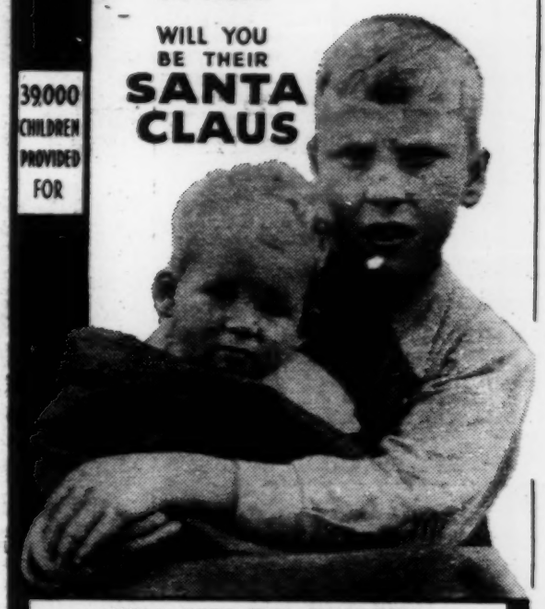

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Whose hands ?

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ALHAMBRA. Tulip Time. Wed. & Sat.

APOLLO. Espionage. Wed. & Sat. & Dec. 26.

COLISEUM. "Twenty to One." Wed. & Sat.

DALY'S. "Tread Softly." Wed. & Sat.

DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. W., S. & Dec. 26.

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Thurs. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. Please Teacher! Th. & Sat.

LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed., Thurs.

MERCURY. Murder in the Cathedral. F., S.

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COLISEUM. Tem. Bar 3161. EVGS., 6.15 & 9.
Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.
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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BEDFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
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Admission free by ticket on application to the SECRETARY, sending stamped addressed envelope.

F.P.S.I. Public Lecture by JOSEPH WALDMANN on "A GERMAN VIEW OF BRITISH SOCIALISM." Chairman, Janet Chance, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, on Wednesday, December 11th, at 8 p.m. Tickets: Members 6*d*., non-members 1*s*.; from SECRETARY, Federation of Progressive Societies, 475 Oxford Street, W.1. (May. 3110) or at door.
F.P.S.I. Arts Group. J. B. COATES on "LITERATURE AND ART AND SOCIAL REVOLUTION," at 55 Russell Square, 8 p.m., Thursday, Dec. 12th.

F.P.S.I., Philosophy Group. J. B. COATES on OLAF STAPLEDON'S "WAKING WORLD." Conway Hall, Monday, Dec. 9th at 8 p.m. Admission free.

BRITISH SEXOLOGICAL SOCIETY.
22nd Session.
The next Meeting will take place at 34 Red Lion Square (Nat. Sun. League Hall), Holborn, W.C., at 8.0 p.m. on
Tuesday, December 10th.
MR. NORMAN HAIRE, Ch.M., M.B.
will deliver a Lecture on
"REJUVENATION: THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS."
Information from SEC., British Sexological Society, 4 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday December 8th at 11 a.m.: PROF. J. C. FLUGEL, D.Sc.: "MORALS AND REALITY." 6.30 p.m. Concert Chamber Music.
Tuesday, December 10th at 7 p.m.: PROF. G. E. G. CATLIN: "THE TREASON OF THE CLERKS." Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, Dec. 8th, at 4, MR. O. M. GREEN: THE SITUATION IN THE FAR EAST TO-DAY." At 6.30, DR. MAUDE ROYDEN: "THE WORD HAS LOST ITS WAY."

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater. Sunday, December 8th at 11, LORD SNELL: "HAS MAN FAILED?" 6.30. Dr. G. P. GOOCH: "THE OUTLOOK IN EUROPE."

A.T.O. Meeting. PROF. HAROLD LASKI at Friends House, Euston Road, Tuesday, Dec. 10th, 8 o'c.: "TECHNICIANS AND SOCIALISM." Mr. R. A. DUNCAN, A.R.I.B.A., in the chair.

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